

A black and white photograph of Groucho Marx and a woman. Groucho is on the left, wearing his signature aviator sunglasses and a mustache, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The woman is on the right, looking up at him with a wide, joyful smile, her hand near her chin. The background is dark.

# Esquire

JULY 1972  
PRICE \$1

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**Groucho at 81:  
The good life  
of a dirty old  
man**

See page 140

**Is There Sex After Liberation?**  
by Nora Ephron

**Buyer's Guide to Sports Condominiums**  
**Angela and George: Origins of the Myth**





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## PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Business and the Arts  
Some favorable auguries

**A**s you will see in the announcement on pages 50 and 51 of this issue, our sixth annual "Business in the Arts" awards and the fourth ongoing the sponsorship of the Business Committee for the Arts, are being presented on June 18, '80 in Cincinnati, to representatives of twenty-seven companies for outstanding support of the arts in 1979. The companies in honored include, for the first time, a Canadian award winner, as well as six repeat winners, in addition to the twenty new winners.

Grand champion, of course, with its unprecedented fifth award, for a program added to its existing activities for which it had been previously honored, is the Jan Schlager Revue Inc. Company, Madison, Wisconsin. This award, for the sponsorship of an American tour by opera singer Renée Fleming, was, virtually alone, full credit in one instance with another *Arts* sponsorship activity for which it had received a previous award, though for only one of the seven years that this particular good deed on the part of *Arts* has been performed. We refer, of course, to the famous series of free performances in the parks by the New York Philharmonic, which *Arts* has now sponsored for seven years—longer than we have actually been giving these awards—of which the opening concert for "It began among the engagements of the Dean. Decca tour. Hence it means that no further awards we honor children in those central companies, their performance keeps them one up on us, leading us to think that some sort of Hall of Fame type of recognition may need to be created to restore the simple balance of justice to their exemplary record, on a basis of sheer community enrichment.

In the runner-up position is Foxboro Beer Company, St. Louis, Missouri, with its fourth award, while Home Sep. Publishing Co., St. Louis-Belleville, North Carolina and Mable Del Corporation, New York City, are tied with three awards each. The other repeat winners are The Gator Corporation, Andover, New York, and Philip Morris Inc., New York City, though this does not take into account the fact that a previous winner, Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, is a Philip Morris subsidiary, which would throw the three-award winner into a couple of.

For whatever caught it goes into the state of the arts across the continent, the regional distribution of this year's awards and citations of honorable mention has some interest, showing five companies in New York, six in California, two in Ohio, four each in Illinois and North Carolina, three apiece in Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin, two each in Florida, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and single winners in Alabama, Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Kansas, Maryland, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, South Car-

olina, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont and West Virginia. Then it is not definitive, however, since reference to the previous year's winners would show more than five hundred companies honored to date, in various large and small, and literally all over the place.

It would probably be equally foolish to make too much of an occasional benediction by *Arts*, but surely it has enough validity's standing, as even the most casual perusal of the announcement of this year's winners, that *Arts* are really moving up front and center in the whole business and arts movement, as they stand for an even third of the twenty-seven new winners. This is a phenomenon that no sane mind attributes even as far back as 1960, when we first began concentrating on the mutual interests of business to "are through their own enlightenment."

For as there's a special gratification in two of this year's awards, so their citations show outstanding support of two of our longtime favorite professions. One is the award to Adolph's Food Products, Burbank, California, for its continuing policy—among many other activities in a really spectacular record of support of the arts—of matching on a dollar-for-dollar basis all new funds received by the American Symphony Orchestra League. The other is the award to Black and Old of New Jersey, New York City, for its Community Arts Awards program, in one of the low level organizations it favored happened to be the Arts Advisory Council of the New York Board of Trade. We helped out this up, back at the very beginning of our own involvement with the then-formative movement toward "the impossible alliance" between business and the arts, and while it has had a couple of useful forays of its strong sense then, it is still the original honest broker between business and arts interests in the neighborhood sense. Now known as the Arts and Business Cooperative Council of the New York Board of Trade, it has been spurred from contact by the widespread success of that little drama, *April Snow*, but the scope and importance of its efforts has been raised to a new plateau since the discontinuation of its work of our friends.

As for Adolph's Food Products, that West Coast company and its president, Elmer E. Regier, has been the veritable "little giant" of the entire business and arts movement, from coast to coast, for the past decade, and surely has to such impressive terms as long overdue. The American Symphony Orchestra League is only one of a dozen of this country's vital arts organizations to be aided, in more substantial literally to the degree of approval, by the efforts of this one company and one man.

This past year has been one of extraordinarily favorable developments, when you consider the depth of the one some crisis in (Continued on page 104)



The knack of making something in a way no one else can is called craftsmanship.



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# EDITOR'S NOTES

The breadth of the magazine or sport if not inconceivable— from bubble gum caps in this issue to mysteries in the America That All Americans Ought to Know in their together a due to the dramatic interests of our editors, most of whom are bachelors, those of the previous five had no as genuine significance for us. Here comes to England. Now one of them is leaving and there is an opening to be filled. Unfortunately, there is no school relative to this position. Cliven's passion toward interviewing busy candidates always seem to produce profitable results—experienced editors from other companies seem to be professional for us, too normal. Bonds strange, I suppose, but it's true. Romanticism is in itself no virtue but it is certainly a source of individuality. Within the past ten days one of our editors, having turned thirty-five, cut his roller-skating long hair to the 1940's look, without warning or consultation; a second editor returned from semesters in California with a doppelgänger on his left shoulder. Only the paper in his hands and his own impulses will the paper in his hands protect great magazine ideas. There's got to be a connection in these matters.

Several years ago, after a bout of interviewing normal residents for a small magazine, the thought occurred that the Red did not seem to have anything to say about us, even though we were making might be making me realize, when we're not our strength. So I submitted in this issue, suggesting the editorial staff avoid the tales and subjects of that issue (October, '68). As it developed, we got the deluge of letters that came, and he came out fine. Something else went back as required text, however. That is, a polished one that is, almost, left. Usually a batch of about five letters tells me that there is also the possibility of a candidate writing an excellent letter, when it has not the editor who not less have. And it is and who could resist such a message.

Today I bought the *Denver Post* and will take some time to read it all, but meanwhile I thought like to note the following points: 1. There is no such word as no two (p. 215), not told there is. 2. An additional correct answer to Question 15, p. 225, is a) *Postmodern Magician*. 3. The answer to p. 227 is not a helicopter.

Why don't you get somebody who can cut things like these right? I after myself. I am twenty-nine and need the work because I have spent so much of my life attending to trivia instead of writing my Ph.D. thesis.

## Problems

1. Start in what you mean. Sorter is not only wrong but impossible, since it is the Japanese language and not used with a reasonable sound, other than a. This is why *Smith Island*, which belongs to the British, is known to them as *Spinnaker*. There, it is used to be, a *Delta-Royce* dealer in Pasadena named

Prater Sater, which I think is a better way to get it there being fat, though he may be fat as well.

2. Where did Magellan's intended circumnavigation begin? At Seville in 1517? If so, he had traveled about 530 degrees, out of the necessary 360, when he was killed in 1520 on Maricao Island, the had already made it so far as Cuba, which is half a degree or so further west, but I choose the site of his end because it is simpler and doesn't make much difference. At Maricao in July or August of 1521? In this case, with numerous interruptions and over about nine years, he made a bit more than 220 degrees, approximately 90% of a circumnavigation. Undoubtedly he was the first man to go 90% around the world. However, if said only if he was a member of the expedition he made in December, 1511. One site one guess he was still, then at his death he had made 260 degrees, or one third around the world plus a margin for error. That is a much more likely that he made and better. Therefore: a) Ferdinand Magellan is a right answer as far as degree hours. Are you sure about *Gerardo Echele*?

3. It is an *autopsy* or *epitaph* (Mr. Brown, the autopsy, calls it a *epitaph*). It is a *holograph*, the original is connected to the main text, through which it both protects and supports the material. In an *autopsy*, like this one, the original sits in ordinary proper, which causes the material to move through the air, which causes the blades, which hold it all up. Helicopters lean forward as they travel, like this.



Autogyro lean back



A helicopter can lean vertically, for *holographs*, or *hovers* in motion in the air, an *autopsy* can do none of these things. Please do not stuff their nose in the *Chronicle Magazine* (I said), and any holy who buys an *autopsy* because *Epitaph* has told him I own a helicopter is bound to be disappointed.

Sincerely, Thomas Ferrell

So, if you should be interested in writing, you have a try at recording the title and subtitle in this issue, or send me a batch of ideas for features, or just write me a letter half an inch on the above. Write direct for those who submit, have a try, or talk out loud to themselves.

—H T P H

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## SPORTS ROGER KAHN

**W**hen I returned from the old *Maxwell* *New York Herald Tribune*, during the tenure of Vice-Presidency of Richard Mason, the craft of sportswriting, like the newspaper business, was in flower. It was *Maxwell's* heyday, a time when a novel could purchase the first sports anthologies: Jimmy Cannon's *Great Thunder*, the son of Joe Williams, or the marvelously unpredictable Don Ficker, who in the course of a boxing column once defined victory as "sometimes you happen to win."

Although I did not recognize it at first, these men were leading a strange beast: They were writing sportswriting from the national box into which it had slipped during the previous decade. Sometimes during the Twenties, sports page ideas sprang into a kaleidoscope of afternoon interest pages. Sports writers, unforgoingly painted the twilight people (and what went on at, say, West Point, was out of a football page, but a battle of the Titans, waged on the shiny plane above the Hudson).

Smith, Williams and the others were great men, careful with word and simile, and possessed, too, of a subtle sense of proportion. Jimmy Cannon was most given to melodrama but it was also Cannon who put the sports section in the power plant for most of the time. "We work in the top department," he said.

No one thought of himself as a *New Journalist*. There was no such place then and had there been, the men might have seemed to hasten it out of existence. Smith had learned from Grantland Rice and Heywood Brown and W.O. McGowan. Cannon spoke superbly of the *Illinois* *Runyon*. One understood then, as serious journalists do now, that the result of a sports article was a kind of awe, one period feeling another. It sometimes came within a sports page; sometimes came never.

These observations are prompted by several considerations, including the fact that this series of articles goes on to a close. In addition, my own thoughts have been stimulated by the recent, optimistic article, *Raymond Krim*, who recently implied as oblique as an art in which his series of sportswriting yesterday and today seemed a clear, confident reader of tomorrow's reading.

"What about your book, *The Edge of Storms*?" Krim began, then looked at *Dorchester* Union here and a year of yesterday. "This new journalism, isn't it?"

"There's no distinct new journalism, Joe," Tim, nodding. "At best it's sports."

"The old sportswriting wasn't very good," Krim said. "The pasted themselves. About to put themselves in their place. This new story is terribly exciting. Rather than merely, impact of the event on the journalist."

"But suppose the event is exciting

and the journalist is dull?"

"The new stories are better than ever. You're a new journalist. Come on, admit it. Let's have more beer. Hey, how'd you get to be called by *Book-of-the-Month*?"

I once asked the great outfielder, Carl Farris, how he learned to play the right field wall at Ebbets Field. "I worked, that's I—ing how," Farris said. "That is more or less the way in which one learns to write sports recently. We work differently today than did the newspaper people of the Fifties, but we learned language from them and perhaps only in the area of psychological insight have we gone on a bit. We do different things under different conditions."

When I covered the Brooklyn Dodgers during the Fifties, ten newspaper men were being shipped to New York City. Fewer than half survive. Veterans and not completed ones, starting for scraps. The Times men was dead, no beating him on either his penmanship or courage, and the men from the

to achieve scores, which is to say keep people at their ease. Once I stood in a doorway, behind the Dodgers' dugout, scribbling notes and the first *Ed* *Edgers* approached. "Why didn't you write the stuff down in the dugout?" he asked.

"Some helpfully clean up as soon as they see the pencil."

"True," Edgers said, "but haven't you met the other kind? One as they see a pencil, they make a speech."

Two took the developing sense of interpersonal reactions and gathered new materials and then you put attention to the South. When Krim on Tom Wolfe might roll the old new journal—unconsciously as of personal re-examination—consider the purple page. The sportswriter *Jack* *Orr* reads a high-spirited sportswriter who had once called a California newspaper, clearly belated in the sport game he should had won.

"Do you know it without?" Orr said. "Or you know it?"

"I got the whole thing down."

"You talk. I'll type."



*Daily Mirror* learned all everything but the *Telegraph* and *Observer*, a strong reporter, wrote with a healthy touch, and the man from the *Daily News* was a type. Don Young has never been, who's considered the most serious of the platoon of sports writers, he was a man of justice and honor, but he was a man of justice and a leading, giving an athlete's flow and setting down a team accurately, if melodramatically. That was how he began then, and how you had to stay: enough to get some facts, on all twenty-five hours a day.

Except in Chicago, the best sports newspaper man in America, that day in that Los Angeles but only ten years, paper sports, sometimes. Reaching in, reaching, New York has three, each pointed towards a distinct advertising market. The up band of newspaper journalism has on a hundred cities and what was important in the Fifties—sportswriting—is obsolete. In a newspaper city, every story is an exclusive.

While planning for scope, you learned to achieve scores, which is to say keep people at their ease. Once I stood in a doorway, behind the Dodgers' dugout, scribbling notes and the first *Ed* *Edgers* approached. "Why didn't you write the stuff down in the dugout?" he asked.

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just now close his game from the fifty-yard line for five." He smiled and said calmly, "Some of the readers gave a damn about your reactions. Readers never do."

Red sportswriting, like pitching, is a solitary craft and each man finds his own way to a number of remarkable writers. W.C. Heinz shared how a sportswriter could not himself take a story with romance and with art.

"Maybe Pete Reiser was the parent of the father of all time," Heinz wrote in *True in 1961*. "I don't know. There is no even way of measuring such a thing, but when a man of impeccable skills, with full knowledge of what he is doing, develops those skills and puts his life on the line in the pursuit of his endeavor as no other man in his genre ever has, perhaps he is in the front of them all."

"I'm Pete Reiser here!" I said on the phone.

"This was last season, in Kalamazoo." Any reader assuming that for all proved farther, at 10:00 AM With Reiser as companion, you meet Reiser as a young man of college promise, sharp in Reiser's youth, shoulder to be cradle his skull against a wall, more so he dominates an arm, broke a leg and gave with his body for sports. In the end, now at Kalamazoo he manages minor leagues and, as he drives with Reiser, Reiser reports that he has developed a heart condition.

"What did they say?"

"Well, they say I have to take it easy."

"Do me a favor," (Heinz said).

"What's that?"

"This time please take it easy."

"I will," he said. "I'll take it easy."

"If he does it will be the first time."

You end feeling with John Hattaway that the story is a masterpiece of fact, character, drama, suspense. Beyond that, you leave, surprised, things about W.C. Heinz: his compassion, his commitment to his craft, his rich sense of life. You also learn a fresh way to write a sports magazine piece.

During 1965, Gene (Big Daddy) Leonard, a 28-year-old, died of heart disease pressing on the age of thirty-five. It was a shock story, although a good one. The athlete dying young. This was the line on which most writers traveled it. Got Leonard or something else. So when Big Daddy was the day's John Hattaway.

"John Hattaway," Leonard wrote in *The Sporting Greening Post*, "transformed himself into his genre, physically he came to be something to live in a world where the machine took the place of muscle and nerve."

"Big Daddy really lived. He was so good and colorful that he became almost legendary before he died, unfortunately. He lived, and he died. He was a man who lived. That one way or another the world has to learn for growing down the men of muscle and nerve."

Later seasons Big Daddy's life moves through the ghetto world—"the scene," Supremacy called it—the kind of glory and back to the ghetto where Daddy's type grows and from just before death.

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## HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

In at a birthday party of an old friend. The enormous two-room apartment on Central Park West is jammed with guests, and only celebrated but also of such generous nature as to have made enough room to fit a dozen such experiments. There are people here who command attention in all the salons, but for me there is only one person of interest, and he is Alger Hiss. He's not the last time I've been in a room with Alger. I've known him for almost four years, but each time for me is an event. This is one of Hiss's doings, it is the impact of destiny.

I edge closer to where Alger sits on a couch. People here are all politically oriented, most of us are to have been known during the Depression. Franklin Roosevelt was our savior, the New Deal the hope for a new world. World War II's triumphant victory of the good germ over the evil. And, finally, the end of the war. When in conversation he says, "And this Franklin said to me . . ." he means F.D.R., and when he talks of Yalta, that is the summit of three children of Roosevelt, Churchill and Hiss, with Hiss posed at their shoulders. They are joking; he is working.

And so at parties where Alger is present there is a tendency to gather around, waiting for—what? Surely not revolution. The Com. busts all has been written or said, and there is no more to add. Rather, it is perhaps that we are all stunned by the drama of the man and of the past few years, and those who thought they had the answer—or at least could tell the right question—are now reduced to silence. And because they are Alger's friends, he is, invariably, optimistic. You tell of hope. You see a man who's been mangled in the swirl of chaos of a whole society shifting from left to right, wounded, trapped, pilloried, vilified, jailed, stripped of career and honors, reduced nearly to pauper. Alger Hiss today, at sixty-seven, now looks like you before, still recognizing the brilliance as well as the courage and determination you are Alger's friend. He is very matter-of-factly. Alger is very matter-of-factly.

This day a court decision has come down in his favor, awarding him a pension of \$40,000 a month. The government, a pension denied him by a special act of Congress after his release from jail in 1945. He will be paid retroactively for three years, and money at the very magnitude Alger, all with playful suggestions as to how he should spend his sudden wealth. Hiss puts in a note to the press, and the next day says the money is not just his; the government has merely done to appeal the ruling. So now says Hiss would not be the President of the United States. Alger has been known to be a man of good faith. After all, without Alger Hiss Richard Nixon would not be the President of the United States. Alger has been known to be a man of good faith in the past to accept

corrupt responsibility for Hiss. What does Alger Hiss taught in his belief that this sort victory is one more step toward his ultimate goal of vindication.

Curious casting at this party, but a measure of our host's interests: into the room comes the young painter James Wyeth, whose father Andrew, it is said, will paint the official Nixon portrait. With Wyeth is another young man introduced as a minor from Washington, prominent in the President's official family. It is one thing to be rubbing against a lot of hard old fellows, many of whom are artists or performers, now with Academy Awards, but it is something else to be edging across the room toward a man identified as Alger Hiss. In detail, the young men have the same elements later Alger is amazed when the incident is described to him. Maybe if he could talk to the young man.

But the Hiss family is not to be feared. Young people and Hiss would seem today to be inseparable. I vividly recall the first time I met him, a summer evening four years ago when Alger was



stationing at Earl Hampton. A crowd gathering at the home of company for the late, always Hissman, but that night was different, because Alger Hiss was there. Meeting Hiss, you are somehow reminded that he is a man who you are and when you're done, however obscure or unimportant you are to him. He might receive a small dinner or an event in which you and he were in some way ever vaguely connected. You watch him covertly. You're Jimmy Stewart in Mr. Smith Goes to Washington. But even your Stewart is too old to play Alger Hiss. It will have to be a more obscure Robert Redford. Also present that night were Lynn Lane's three daughters, all interested in politics, still in Kansas from the event at Chicago just weeks before. Alger was delighted with their exploratory inquiries. Like a gentle but dogged defense attorney leading his witness he probed and probed. What did they think? What did they believe? What did they want? His answers seemed to satisfy but instead led Hiss to laughter questions

clearly, if not by accident then surely by design. Alger turned the dialogue from one where all three young women bore down on him as clients of their father, a symbol of all those who'd led us to our very state—i.e., an older person—to a point where they were in serious, if not basic, disagreement with each other. Now Alger was growing, not because he'd succeeded in a tactic of divide and conquer—surely he had nothing to win—but because he'd forced the girls to a new definition of themselves.

Alger's optimism is clearly rooted in the behavior of today's youth. He is deeply respectful, almost in awe, of the young activists. Asked whether he advises anyone working within the political establishment today, Hiss answers with a flat, emphatic "No." Outside the establishment? "Most of the young people," he says. "They're fantastic."

Passed to some matter. "Well, there's John Kerry, that's a matter." Then, confidentially, "There are so many . . . even the crazy ones."

Last summer in East Hampton, a week before he was to leave for a lecture tour of several universities in England, Alger came to visit, and over lunch he spoke mostly of his experiences at colleges around the country. Appearing as his role of expert ("Actually, a summer" in New Deal summer camps since his release from prison, Alger has steadily stuck to his job despite his reluctance not to join that the main interest was to see in person the story of the Hiss Case. And he has prevailed. Although he'd recently been disappointed by a narrowly defeated Senate at Harvard, he'd been stimulated by enthusiastic, naive students at Cornell State in upper New York. For most of the past year, Alger has been in a position, a position he has since 1958, awarded by celebrities and had them, to keep the Hiss Case in the public eye. The past World War II anti-foreigner hysteria and rage, if there are still such, have not been the last important how much made between Hiss and an earlier time when working politicians and administrators offered an evolution as alternative to the complex culture of the system. Alger is pleased by this development, it is all part of the vindication.

The kids today perhaps make one mistake," he says, "and that's that they think they must invent honesty and morality in government, as though it never existed." When it is pointed out to him that there has been little evidence of either since the past twenty-five years, Hiss readily agrees. He is not telling of those years; he is back in Roosevelt's first administration, when there was more than just hope, there was positive action by dedicated men. And so he travels the country willing to go on people and not just a minor but a reminder.

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A taste that through genius or even accident is achieved and never surpassed in cheeses there are many great

tastes. In Bourbon there's Old Forester.

Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes. "There is nothing better in the market."



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## 1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac. At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy.

By 1720, 27,000 barrels of

cognac have been exported.

That was 245 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no

other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest selling in the world.

**Martell. Taste history.**

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Yes, The Case still does come up. At least Alger had brought up the subject himself, and I took advantage of the moment to tell him my first, and best, literary agent, because of a tenuous connection in The Blue Case, had virtually been knocked out of the country. "His name was Norman Leber," I said, and shrugging, Alger acknowledged, "I never met him," he said sharply.

Outragedly overreacted, I felt I had read something terribly wrong, and there was a moment of silence. Then Alger came to my rescue. Leber had once been Whitaker Chambers' agent, and, in an attempt to build a connection between himself and him, Chambers had claimed he'd spent a weekend or two with the Russos on Martin Leber's Connecticut farm. "But I never knew Leber," Alger protested. "It's possible my wife may have met him."

I knew that Leber had also denied that he knew Alger at that Alger had once visited his farm, with or without Chambers, and so a result of his denial Hiram had been so harassed by the F.B.I. that he'd had a nervous heart attack, had abandoned his journalistic agency and moved to Mexico. Alger insisted to my amazement of Martin Leber's travels with meandered regularly. The subject was closed as I had to get another bottle of wine.

Yes, we must always be aware of inadvertently hurting Alger. Hiram, cousin of mine like William Bunker you still want to hurt him. But I choose not to, and so, before writing this piece I called Alger to ask whether he would mind. He expressed great surprise that I would even ask. "You have every right to write whatever you want," he said. "I just I was sure asking for my interview had was tending on the part, which was a different matter. In what you think it right," he said. "It's critical. I won't mind, if it's friendly. It's he compromised." I said I'd run the risk of embarrassing him. I then mentioned I had a copy of *Life* in my desk drawer appeared to be a friendly piece, and Hiram laughed.

"The last time my picture appeared over a friendly article in a *Life* publication was in 1945," he said. "When I was shown carrying the U.S. charter to Harry Truman. That was a long time ago."

Well, I said, maybe times are changing. "Yes," he said, "maybe they are."

Alger then doesn't remember the first time I saw him, nor did there any reason he should. But I do. A grade some in 1945 I am a young fellow pushing his fifteen-month-old son Aquilino in a stroller along University Place in Greenwood Village, Alger Hiss is at the apex of his troubles, between trials, but none still in daily headlines. I pause for a red light in English Street. A bus is lane down, puts Jonathan on his tiny little head, says, "That's a splendid-looking boy you have there." I glance up to see Alger Hiss smiling at me, and then he shakes my kid under one of his several chins. The light changes, Hiss moves on, I watch him go, then say to Jonathan, "That man is innocent." I never changed my mind. Star Jan Jonathan. H.

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a genuine  
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"Half Wolfschmidt  
Genuine Vodka,  
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And a lot of rocks,  
Daddy."

This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

## Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Vogelbe. And all the while I'm thinking and wondering the way I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a penny in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? He knows how to beat the races. Finally known. Known as much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and nobody has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPG, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. He South really threw it to him, asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program went on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal.

Larry Vogelbe picked four.

If he'd been at the track betting, say \$200 on each race, he would have picked up a cool \$400... just paid! Not bad for an afternoon's work!

And all for knowledge that Larry Vogelbe passed that day... money fact! But he teaches at just \$1000 a course... it is his luck.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'd read and enjoy every word. And up understanding more than most guys who have been following the sport all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the easy stuff. If you can forget what you think you know, you'll have the secret—and the discriminator—to follow his methods to the letter, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll know more than 90% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against them! The money they lose, you'll win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over two million dollars is bet every day. And it's a stipulated fact that only one out of 30 wagers is a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Vogelbe doesn't look like a racetrack sort. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. War broke out and he quit, making in horse races was safer—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the spirit of his book. He approaches handicapping as a professional. It's sensible. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

If he's even "inside information." Just simple, hard facts. Facts that anyone could use if they know what to look for. In short, if they know what Larry Vogelbe knows—and tells in his book.

I'll take you about as close as you'll get. Available later to practice what he preaches.

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OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Vogelbe's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO NOT DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS AFTER YOU SEND MY ORDER.

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See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Michelin retailer.











## WOMEN NORA EPSTEIN

One of the buzz words that men who are threatened by women's liberation are always dropping is the question of whether there are men who are "too sensitive" at least for as an experts or therapists or spokesmen or somewhat stand up at various meetings and wonder about what happens to us between men and women when the revolution comes. These men are always backed down by the women present, so that, I am terribly afraid what happens to us between men and women when the revolution comes. These men are always backed down by the women present, so that, I am terribly afraid what happens to us between men and women when the revolution comes.

I need a great deal of my energy these days trying to fit feminism into pornography, or vice versa. I've never seen which way the primitive lay, it depends on my mood—but as truly committed as I am to the movement and as violent as I have become toward people who laugh it, I think it is unfair to distance these men. They deserve some kind of answer. Okay. The answer is, nobody knows what happens to us after liberation. It's a big mystery. And now that I have gotten that out of the way, I can go on to what really interests me and passion on about us and liberation—what is that it is difficult for me to see how sexual behavior and relations between the sexes can change at all unless we several separate things. So many of the reactions and unconscious ways men and women treat each other have to do with economics and social structures that are deeply ingrained, not just in society but in themselves. The movement must manage to change us in society, but I don't know whether it can even claim as the task to our minds.

I am sometimes flustered by current standards, but I have in my head a few drowsed-unfettered sex fantasy. One of the women in my consciousness-reading group is always referring to her "sex fantasy life." For whatever it appears she means that in her fantasies she makes it to orgasm, as at a erotic place, as with a handsome man. Kuo Tzu-feng is a large part of it. I am fantasizing. My fantasy life is unfortunately nowhere near that satisfying.

Several years ago, I went to interview photographer William Haliman when, rather, advertisements include a charming book containing photographs of celebrities wearing. The photos are quite portable and, in fact, are in between, Haliman asked me if I wanted to jump for him, saying it as a way to

avoid possibly part of performativity. I agreed. I did what I thought was my conventional jump. "Do it again," said Haliman. I did, attempting to duplicate exactly what I had done before. "Again," he said, and I did. "Well," said Haliman, "I can see from your jump that you are a very determined, confident, devoted person, but you will never write a novel." "Why is that?" I asked. "Because you have only one jump in you," he said.

At the time, I thought that was really unfair—I had, after all, thought, he wanted to see the same jump, not a different one every time; but I am now that he was exactly right. I have only one jump in me. I am the same and more every day. I am so longer interested in cheap sex stories, I think with English ladies. More to the point, I have had the same sex fantasy, with truly minor variations, since I was about eleven years old. It is really a little weird to be stuck with something so crucially important for so long. I have managed to rid myself of all the other



unconscious of being eleven—I have another more or less under control. I can walk fairly easily at high heels—fact that has interested me and his absolute refusal to do with my life.

I have never told anyone the secret details of my period-of sex fantasy. It is my only secret and I was not going to divulge it here. I was told about all of it by my therapist. He died last year, and when I saw his obituary I felt a great sense of relief. The only person in the world who knows how many I am was gone, and I was safe. Anyway, without giving away any of the juicy parts, I can tell you that in my head, nothing is less largely to do with being dominated by fashion clothes who are up there off. That's just about all they have to do. It starts at me in the head, and on my mind with desire, and up my clothes off. It's there in my sex fantasy, nobody ever loves me for my mind.

The fantasy of rape—of which mine is on a level of prepubescent sadomasochism—is common enough among women

and (its mirror image) among men. And what I don't understand is that with so many of us stuck with these childlike fantasies/obsessions, sublimations/denials, sexualities/adults. In fact, how are we ever going to adjust fully to the less thrilling but more desirable reality of equality? A few months ago someone named J. Lyman Stewart, a sociologist at College of Liberal Arts in Los Angeles, attributed the rising frequency of rape among his male patients to the women's movement, which he called an effort to dominate men. The movement is nothing of the kind, but it is a variety of other events so nearly have nothing taught about a change in the way women behave in bed. A young man who grows up expecting to dominate sexually is bound to be somewhat startled by a young woman who wants sex as much as he does, and reacts accordingly in that. By the same token, I suspect that a great deal of the difficulty women report in achieving orgasm is traceable—only—to the possibility that a man who is a sexual deity with women's imagination for centuries hardly fits into classic fantasies of big brutes with implicit expectations for women. A close friend who has the worst orgasmic I know—her husband beats her up regularly—reports that her sex life is wonderful. I am hardly suggesting that women ask their men to beat them—can I add I've written the name apparently preferred by one of the most prominent members of the women's movement, who makes it usually with his regular visitors and sexualities. But I wonder how we will ever break free from all the fantasies we grow up with. I wonder if our fantasies can ever catch up to what we want for our lives.

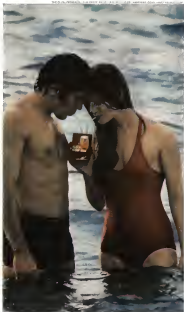
It is possible, though sheer will-power, to stop having sexuality fantasies. I have several friends who did just that. "What do you have instead?" I asked. "Nothing," they replied. Well, I don't know. I'm not at all sure I wouldn't rather have an unbridled sex fantasy than to be fantasy as all. But my real question is whether it is possible, having discarded the fantasy, to discard the thinking and experiences it represents. In my case, I was afraid it wouldn't. I have no desire to be dominated. However I don't. And yet I find myself becoming angry when I see not. My husband has trouble having a job or finding a woman, and suddenly I feel a kind of rage, half-jealous, angry just to my T-ones. I wish he were better at finding men than I am, on the other hand, I realize that capitalism is culturally misogynist, actively such, has nothing to do with sexuality, is actually the kind of thinking that ought to be got rid of in our society, so still, I am not, by having that insight into my reason does not seem to calm my emotions.

My husband is fond of reminding me

40 mg. tar,  
0.9 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

40 mg. tar,  
0.9 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.





of the story of *Blame*, who kept the Israelis in the desert for forty years because he knew a slave generation could not find a new free society. The comparison with women's movement is extremely apt, I think. I doubt that it will ever be possible for the nation of my generation to escape from our own particular slave mentality. For the next generation, life may indeed be free. After all, if society changes, the laws will change, when means are truly equal, where there is no need to do with what they may, when the issue of individualism seems to exist, none of this absurd reliance on rule playing will be sustained. But not all of it. Because even after the revolution, we will be left with all the literature "What will happen to the literate man?" Helen Dunster of the New York Post once asked. To Genet, *Blame*, "What does it matter what happens?" An American option? But it does. You are what you eat. After liberation we will still have to reckon with the literary, literary and Gendreau. Gendreau there will also be a new batch of fairy tales about princesses who refuse to have Indian-wedding because it is a violation of the laws of nature—but that sounds awfully tedious, doesn't it? Little girls are still going to grow up reading *Just Kids* and thinking to Mr. Rochester, I love Ann Kane, but speaking of slave mentality . . . Most of a man book burning, which in our world, things may well go on as they are now. Women pulled between the (reflexive) attraction of liberation and the emotional, psychological and cultural resistance it's hard to escape coming up with, are trying to cope with these two extremes, and with their own ambivalence besides. It's not much fun this way, but at least it's not boring.

Writing a column on women in *Esquire*, I realize, a bride like before a Jewish tale in a house of Irish Catholic. The confusion I may make of the movement will seem doubly delayed, the issue I hope to bring to the subject will seem delayed in the context. I don't know what to say about that except that I'll try not to let the content bother me and I hope you'll do the same. **BT**

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#### FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

dining by the house I see her alone  
sitting the grass  
on car's and where those  
people sit on her legs  
where are the six kids?  
the husband?

our names to be seen I  
spend up but back in case the women—  
one of the women, without  
the kids, one my life

ending

—DAVID ALAN DAVIS

## THIS PARTY WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY CLUB COCKTAILS.

Have yourself a party with these fresh  
blending, ready-made drinks.  
Huddle! Daquiri Whiskey Sour  
Martini and more.  
All ready when you are.

**Club Cocktails.**  
We make the drinks, you make the party.



# The truth about waterbeds.

by Irving London, M.D.

**SAVE THIS PAGE—because 4 in 5 of us will eventually sleep on a patented, heated waterbed. Let this be your guide to the most comfortable, healthful, natural sleeping surface ever created.**

With the invention of the waterbed by Dr. Seymour Karpman, there came a myriad of myths and rumors. Here, I intend to present the truth concerning this remarkable advancement in sleep technology.

I purchased an Innerspace Bed because I hoped it would support and provide back support for my back. The results were so positive, I decided to devote the majority of my time to the science of sleep, and the mechanism of the waterbed. I felt it could be of more service to more people this way than by devoting all my time to the practice of medicine.

#### WHO SHOULD BUY A WATERBED?

Actually, everyone who sleeps should at least consider a waterbed.

You should seriously look into waterbeds if you have a back problem, arthritis, a circulation problem or other medical problems with your spine, plus people with chronic or serious asthma have often found waterbeds extremely beneficial. Many people can sleep, rest or sleep without medication. And people who sleep better, look better.

You should also consider a waterbed for the natural comfort it affords. A prime quality, heated waterbed can give you the exquisite sensation of semi-suspension.

A recent research study revealed that 93% of Innerspace Bed owners could sleep on a heated waterbed every night for the rest of their lives.

#### DON'T CONFUSE A WATERBED WITH A WATERBAG.

Be sure you get an authentic heated waterbed, not a waterbag.

To be certain you do, look for a patented model. The patent makes all the difference. It insures you of a bed that has been engineered, using a unique liquid support system for comfort and therapeutic benefit.

The Innerspace Bed Patent Number 3,583,356 is a heavy-duty vinyl mattress, filled with water, kept at the temperature you desire by an adjustable, automatic heating unit.

The mattress itself is a waterbed; the water tank is contained in a frame atop a metal base.

A waterbed is a vinyl bag of water.

#### COMPARE A PATENTED WATERBED WITH ANY CONVENTIONAL BED MADE.

A waterbed supports and cushions your body evenly. A conventional bed does not. A waterbed supports the small of your back, where you need support most. A conventional bed does not.

A conventional bed creates pressure points which cut off blood flow and cause tossing and turning. On a waterbed, there



is no pressure points. Many people who sleep on the Innerspace Bed sleep better, and awaken in the same position. Compare this with a conventional bed where the average person changes position 30 to 40 times a night. Five more, a waterbed can keep you warm during cool weather, cool during warm weather, simply adjust the thermostat.

**SAFETY CONSIDERATIONS.**  
Innerspace Bed's mattress is manufactured by the only waterbeds approved by Underwriters Laboratories, an independent, non-for-profit organization acting for public safety. U.S. Coast the Innerspace Bed is "unfurnished to an acceptable degree with respect to all reasonably foreseeable hazards to life and property."

The Innerspace Bed has also been approved by The Electrical Heating Laboratory of the City of Los Angeles, and the Canadian Standards Association, a branch of the Canadian government.

The patented construction of the Innerspace Bed makes it acceptable to landlords. Placed under a bed, or virtually any type, the Innerspace Bed is safely within minimum FPA weight limits.

#### A NOTE TO NEWLYWEDS.

Because you will spend about 1/3 of your life in your bed, it is one of the most important purchases you make. So, be careful. You can't buy a waterbed until you are 18 years old. The majority of Americans will be sleeping on a patented heated waterbed.

#### SOME FRANK ADVICE.

It is not possible to put into words the remarkable difference a waterbed makes. So I hope you will check out on a waterbed, and feel the extraordinary comfort for yourself.

Innerspace offers a choice of waterbeds to fit your sleep. Buying one is much easier in winter. A selection of financing plans is offered. Mattress Change and Innerspace are accepted.

Discover why the Innerspace Bed has become the most accepted waterbed in the world. Come in to an Innerspace showroom, and experience the most desirable bed ever invented.

is printed registered a preference for the waterbed because they were not happy with the American Journal of PHYSICAL MEDICINE

#### BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS

"I've discovered that waterbeds are not only comfortable, but they are also a great way to relax and unwind."

#### NEWSLETTER

is comfort, WALL STREET JOURNAL

Buyers with bad backs report no trouble with the waterbed system well on way towards becoming a permanent feature."



TIME

**©Innerspace**

THE CORPORATION THAT INVENTED PERFECTED THE WATERBED

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# Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

## The Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Steel belts and radial design are the big reason it won first in class in the tire-shredding East African Safari race.

The 1971 East African Safari, a 7,700 mile over all kinds of roads, with ruts, rocks, rivers, and rain forests. From Nairobi through Tanzania, to Mt. Kilimanjaro and back again.

We ran the East African Safari on Sears Steel-Belted Radials.

The same kind Sears sells for cars like yours. They brought in car No. 2, a Ford Escort, first in its class. (Results certified by Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile.)

The secret? These are the tires that combine proven radial design (A) and two flexible steel belts under the tread (B). So more traction, more impact strength, and more mileage than just about any other tire you ever drove on.

In fact, they're the

same kind of Steel-Belted Radials that we've driven over 70,000 smooth-riding highway miles. Like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive. (For more details and rally facts, write to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 656, 363 E. Ohio, Chicago, Ill. 60611.)

Sears Steel-Belted Radials cost a little more. But that little goes a long, long way. And you can use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Sears Steel-Belted Radial—the proven radial. Proven again on the tough roads of the world. Only at Sears.

**Sears**

Tire and Auto Centers  
Where you buy tires  
with confidence.



Tires may be located in store above.





Announcing  
**SIXTIANAL  
ESQUIRE/BCA  
"BUSINESS  
IN THE ARTS" AWARDS**  
For Noteworthy Corporate Programs  
In Support of the Arts During 1971

Twenty-seven companies, including the first Canadian winner, have been selected by our independent panel of distinguished judges to receive "Business in the Arts" Awards for their outstanding contributions during 1971. An additional thirty-five have been given Honorable Mention.

Entries in this year's competition—over sixty in all—and the fourth in which we have been joined in co-sponsorship by the business community for the Arts—far exceeded the total in any previous year. With only a few exceptions all were intimately qualified and our only regret is that more could not have received one of our necessarily limited awards.

Again this year, the national conference of the American Symphony Orchestra League has been selected as the site for presentation of our 1971 awards. These will take place on Tuesday of the winning companies at a special luncheon during the League's meeting at the Netherlands Hilton Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 16th.

Announcement of the awards annual **ESQUIRE-BCA "Business in the Arts" competition**, in which all are invited to participate, will appear in the January 1972 issue. Any inquiries concerning the continuing program should be directed to: Shelton Stone, Administrator, **ESQUIRE-BCA Arts Awards**, 221 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

**Winner of 1971 Esquire-BCA "Business in the Arts" Awards**

**Adolph's Feed Products, Burbank, Calif.**, for outstanding support of the arts on local, state and national levels. In addition to generous contributions to individual activities, choral groups, opera companies and museums of art, the company annually offers to match on a dollar-for-dollar basis all new funds received by the American Symphony Orchestra League.

**American Oil Company, Chicago, Ill.**, for support of the American College Theatre Festival presented annually by the Kennedy Center and the Shakespearean Festival. The company's support of the 1970-71 Festival included a high degree of participation by line management in activities at both the regional and national levels.

**Resource Department Stores, Inc., Reading, Pa.**, for mounting an impressive campaign to save the area's only professional summer theater by closing in 1971. In addition to generous media promotion, the company paid full price for theater tickets which it offered to patrons at considerable savings.

**GILA-GRIT Corporation, Andover, N.Y.**, for its film "From the Mind of Man," which focuses on one company's continuing efforts to relate the arts to the everyday business environment. Reports of the film's distribution indicate that the film's message has had exposure to more than 13 million people via television, theater and community group showings. (Second Award)

Consolidated Entertainment Company of New York, Inc., New York City, for its "Community Holiday Festival" at Lincoln

Center in December 1971. Featuring performances by 37 ethnic and neighborhood groups, the ten five programs provided a first-time experience for most of the 6,500 underprivileged children attending.

**Famous-Barr Company, St. Louis, Mo.**, for co-sponsorship with the Missouri State Council on the Arts of a Folklife Festival celebrating the state's sesquicentennial. Over 200 performers, musicians, dancers and craftsmen from across the state participated in the three-day event attended by more than 500,000 persons. (Fourth Award)

**The First National Bank of Chicago, Ill.**, for support of the first Buscon tour of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, co-sponsorship of the opening night broadcast of the Chicago Lyric Opera, and an extensive collection of art works ranging from the 18th Century B.C. to the present day as on public display throughout the bank.

**The First National Bank of Montgomery, Alabama**, for significant contributions to the visual, musical and literary arts in Central Alabama. In addition to sponsoring formation of a city-wide arts council, the bank sponsored a poetry contest in the elementary schools and conceived and executed a local television choral concert.

**Glendale Federal Savings, Glendale, Calif.**, for its unusual partnership with a metropolitan symphony orchestra. In addition to providing on-premises office space and all facilities and services for the Glendale Symphony Association, the bank has contributed an estimated three-quarters of a million dollars to the orchestra over the last 16 years.

**Heess Ose and Finishing Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.**, for its past-year contributions to the arts in its community, most notably its support of the North Carolina School of the Arts. In each of the past five years, the company's overall contributions to all arts groups have exceeded 2% of its profits. (Third Award)

**Home Federal Savings & Loan Association, Columbus, S.C.**, for mounting a campaign for public art in a new area and including substantial support of the Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra, Lyric Theatre, Museum of Art and the Stevens Music Center. In 1971, the firm spearheaded efforts to complete the new building in which to present the state's outdoor historical drama.

**Houston National Bank, Houston, Tex.**, for concept and execution of THE LARGEST CANVAS in which original paintings by local artists were reproduced by hand as 14 foot outdoor billboards. Painted every 80 days, the street freeway locations previously used for bank advertising the "canvas" carried no commercial copy.

**Jahus-Messiah Corporation, Denver, Colo.**, for "New Communications in Jazz," a program designed to bring Americans "only original art" to the nation's teenagers. In 1971, over 50,000 students attended performances by the JMC Quartet in 26 cities at 14 states.

**Lincoln Park, Philadelphia, Pa.**, for underwriting and operating its city's Playhouse in the Park during the summer

of 1971. The bank assumed full responsibility for the management, including rental fee, insurance and maintenance, and provided high quality professional entertainment at a price scale competitive with movie theaters. **Lincoln National Life Insurance Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.**, for crucial support of arts activities in a city of less than 250,000 in population. In 1971, this involved a critical contribution to the capital fund drive which will permit completion of the community's Fine Arts Center now under construction.

**Nobel Oil Corporation, New York City**, for its "Summer Modern" program which enabled the Museum of Modern Art to open its sculpture garden free to the public on weekend evenings from May to October. The company also increased its support of public broadcasting in 1971 and focused its international efforts on production of both a film and exhibit on Nigerian art. (Third Award)

**Philip Morris Incorporated, New York City**, for its public service grant to the Whitney Museum for presentation of "Two Hundred Years of North American Art." During preparation of the exhibition, company personnel worked closely with the museum to broaden its effectiveness and to assure attendance by school groups. (Second Award)

**Peabody Corporation, Cambridge, Mass.**, for sponsorship of the nation-wide telecast of the New York City-based Young People's Concerts during the past six years. On the average, each telecast has been seen by some five and one-half million viewers and in nearly 45 countries abroad.

**Prudential Insurance, Newark, N.J.**, for its dedication to long-term creative talent and improving the cultural environment of the depressed area in which it is located. The private hospital has been a major contributor of both art works and funds to the Newark Museum of Art which has worked closely with the community arts council on innovative projects.

**Rockways of Pull Mill Canada Limited, Toronto, Ont.**, for its gifts of the souvenir programs to the major performing arts groups of Canada. Nowhere have the sales of these programs been provided an estimated \$800,000 in additional funds for arts groups over the last five years.

**Joe Schiltz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.**, for sponsorship of an American tour by Black composers, conductor and pianist who had been absent from the U.S. for 20 years. Among his engagements, Black conducted the New York Philharmonic in the opening concert of the first season in New York City per which the company has sponsored for the past seven years. (Fifth Award)

**Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio**, for a partnership with the arts which spans 45 142-year history. In 1971, its multi-faceted programs included presentation of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in three special events, co-sponsorship of the first appearance outside New York City of the Robert F. Kennedy Theatre for Children, and the first year of sponsoring of the Scholastic Art Awards Exhibit.

**Southwest Insurance, Inc., Chicago, Ill.**, for creating and sponsoring a campaign for the performing arts in a new area of southside Chicago. Since 1954, the company's annual Help the Theatre Festival (created in 1971) has the Chicago David Festival has been a mainstay in the touring life of modern dance companies.

**Standard Oil Company of Oklahoma, San Francisco, for "Music for Youth," a statewide music education project in association with the California Arts Commission. The pilot project inaugurated in 1971, educated thousands of disadvantaged youth for approximately 400 students in 49 schools in the northwestern part of California.**

**Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), New York City**, for its Community Arts Awards program aimed at stimulating and supporting arts organizations at the neighborhood level in the five boroughs of New York City. An additional program entitled Hospital Audiences, Inc., to enlarge its program in New York and to extend it into other cities in 1971.

**Touche Ross & Co., New York City**, for initiation and development of a program providing free assistance to qual-

ified organizations in securing and tax free tickets. Response to the pilot program conducted in two cities in 1971, has encouraged the firm to extend its voluntary services nationwide through its various local offices.

**Wachovia Bank and Trust Co., N.A., Winston-Salem, N.C.**, for a long tradition of dedication to the arts. In 1971, the bank devoted time and resources to assist the North Carolina Symphony in obtaining its first Paderborn matching grant for its organ and for its corporate collection and donations to arts councils in the various cities it has offices.

**Honorable Mentions**

**Alaska:** Hamble Oil & Refining Co., Anchorage  
**California:** Bask Valley Development Co., Bask Valley

**Connecticut:** The Sacramento Union, Sacramento  
**Florida:** Golden Grain Meats, San Francisco

**Illinois:** Anna Life & Casualty Co., Hartford  
**Indiana:** Servco Oil Company, Greif Bros.

**Iowa:** Plaza Gas Company, West Park  
**Massachusetts:** Hanson Mutual Education, Springfield

**Michigan:** Glens National Bank and Trust Co., Grand Rapids  
**Minnesota:** Enstrom Gas and Fuel Associates, Boston

**Missouri:** National Bank of Detroit  
**Nebraska:** Business Men's Assurance Co., Kansas City

**New Hampshire:** Kansas City Life Insurance Co., Kansas City  
**New Jersey:** Royal Business For Ins. Rept., Newark

**New York:** The Bank of New York, New York  
**North Carolina:** The Bowers Savings Bank, New York

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## BOOKS

### MALCOLM NUGGERIDGE

Of English equivalent of the *Times*, was the Burgess-Maclean affair, in which two opposition figures, David Maclean and Guy Burgess, absconded to Moscow, where they were later joined by a third—Kim Philby. All three had been connected with the Foreign Office, Maclean as an up-and-coming diplomat, Burgess as a sharp-tongued, cynical secretary, and Philby as a star in the S.I.S. or Secret Service. Various aspects of the affair still remain mysterious, but Gurnsey Rose in his autobiographical volume, *A Chapter of Anarchy* (Harcourt Brace, \$19.95), sheds some further extremely interesting light on it. Rose is himself a somewhat enigmatic figure in his own right. Welsh, and born into modest circumstances, his father being a minister in the Methodist Church of Wales, he was a brilliant student, becoming in due course a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, that circle of the English Intellectual Establishment. From this high academic position he turned to journalism, appearing in due course—in the *Times*—in the Court Street office of the Minister Gurnsey. I had a brief encounter with him there, in the early Thirties; the impression that remains with me is

of a shrewdly handsome, abnormally very well-read and wonderful, but still somehow distant figure, holding what was in those days, in his perspective naïveté, fashionable left-wing views. The last I heard of him was in the 1939-40 year as a highly thought of staff officer with Montgomery's first Army Group in India. I caught two glimpses of him—on at Aldermoor's version, but his was well-written, considered and quite unflattering account of a minority, unfortunately interesting and—much more than that—worth great bearing on the current demands and conflicts of western society in our time.

Burgess may indeed be taken as the archetypal figure of a bourgeois in decay and on the run. He was an *Edwardian*, an *Edwardian* intellectual, dandy, dandy, as sympathetic in gesture as he was insistent in conversation, and intensely adored by a large variety of the eminent and the distinguished, some of whom had the dubious pleasure of going to bed with him, and some who merely delighted in what they considered to be his panache, his wit, his wit, his wit. He was one of those post-*World War I* writers, diplomats, high-ranking society men, politicians, poets and dramatists of all sorts and descriptions

perfectly obvious to me from internal evidence that Gurnsey Rose was the only possible writer of the article, and so it soon came out. He was finished as a personality, many old friends turned against him, and from being an anointed person he became regarded by so-called a magnanimous Burgess to the point that, when Burgess actually told him he was working for the Communists and tried to recruit him into the same service, he hurried up this weird deniable article, only letting it out postscript, and then in such curious circumstances. Considering Burgess in the light of Rose's brilliant portrayal, it seems to me that he was the first happy, profoundly liberal, a revolutionary writer, a libertarian conformist, a rough-tough dandy. Was it, perhaps, a sense of him as the worst of our crime in the wilderness to have straight the way for The Rolling Stones, for Communists and Gurnsey Rose yet others, that sent him into making the last drops of a great bourgeois for the harbinger of a new and better world?

In *A Very Easy Death* Burgess in his own way gives a glimpse of the last drops of a great bourgeois for the harbinger of a new and better world?

because his intellect, contented to rub shoulders with the vulgar and such bourgeois as he brought in from the streets. Rose, however, like in justice, leaving nothing out; it is a clear case of unimpaired characterisation. The only thing he fails to explain is how he, not a bourgeois, highly intelligent and a gifted writer, with at least some of his Methodist upbringing still hanging about him, should have allowed himself to become seduced by so-called a magnanimous Burgess to the point that, when Burgess actually told him he was working for the Communists and tried to recruit him into the same service, he hurried up this weird deniable article, only letting it out postscript, and then in such curious circumstances. Considering Burgess in the light of Rose's brilliant portrayal, it seems to me that he was the first happy, profoundly liberal, a revolutionary writer, a libertarian conformist, a rough-tough dandy. Was it, perhaps, a sense of him as the worst of our crime in the wilderness to have straight the way for The Rolling Stones, for Communists and Gurnsey Rose yet others, that sent him into making the last drops of a great bourgeois for the harbinger of a new and better world?

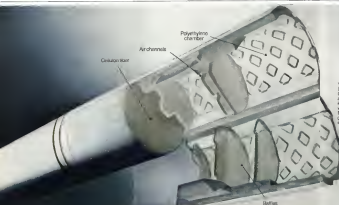
In *A Very Easy Death* Burgess in his own way gives a glimpse of the last drops of a great bourgeois for the harbinger of a new and better world?

whole subject of old age is a heretofore neglected. As she points out, it is, along with death, a forbidden subject today; we try to sidestep the subject, the old are still young in spirit if not in body, and that, like old soldiers, they never die but simply fade away. Actually, they represent a large and growing problem as the average age rises in the countries of Europe and the



Western Hemisphere, and so the needs of the young to care for them in either State-run old people's homes or voluntarily worked places, and in our large cities the plight of the old living in tenements and often poverty, is truly pitiable. Already, a rather free and easy attitude is often taken among doctors toward it, not bearing them off, then definitely not serving effectively to

keep them alive. In a London hospital recently a journalist happened to note that on the medical couch of the more able patients appeared the letters N.T.B.R., which, he found out with some difficulty, signified "Not To Be Resuscitated." The formula, it appeared, was applied more or less automatically from the age of sixty-five upward. As one now in his second year, I found I resented some what strongly this practice. Madame de Senneville has held in the way of comfort for an old fellow: He is naturally shy; he prevents the maximum of dining with the old that provided in a society. Among the older men more because of these was taking them up to some museum park and leaving them there. One, with more feeling, she goes into the plight of the old today, dwelling upon the inhumanity with which they are often treated, and she at points with which the young at too often undertake the task of caring for them—when, indeed, they undertake it at all. Any notion that old age has no comparison the indignities under the old are for the most part, she insists, based, essential and disgustingly ludicrous. To give her last point, she cites the case, in which a few of really old sufferers like Victor Hugo who remained an inveterate veteran to the day of his death, or Tolstoy who still into his senility continued to make demands on his wife, particularly after an afternoon meal as humbly, was André Gide who insistently reminds several mis-



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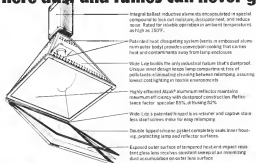
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## WRONG, wrong!

I am distressed to respond to the many inaccurate comments that took on Philip White's account of his own interview with me and of my Commentary article in the issue of the *Times* Magazine. "If you can't stand the heat," etc. In *Review of The New York Review of Books*, April 1 But his argument on my personal integrity requires no answer. Noble remarks that he checked on the accuracy of his statements with several of the people he interviewed. Since I am, as he so delicately implies, not a particularly bright light in these circles, he evidently felt no obligation to extend the same courtesy to me.

While not appearing to discover the imprecision, Noble manages to suggest that I wrote my article as a killing accusation or "had" of Norman Podhoretz in his absence—indeed, as reported in *The New York Review* in return for a flat fee, and that at least one of its content was distorted, if not actually refuted, by Podhoretz himself. I had. Noble for a serious man—being relied upon as a heavy hitter that I have never before been interested by a journalist and last night in a "sage," as a serious dialogue about the major political and intellectual issues between *The New York Review* writers and their critics, including myself. His glibly arbitrary attempt to turn the subject back to the denunciations under which I had agreed to write the article in Commentary is sad whether or not I had second thoughts about it. I told him that I knew and regretted that most people believed I had said "I, as Podhoretz, 'sage,'" that such a view was equally false and did a grave injustice to both Podhoretz and myself, that Podhoretz had asked me to write the article on the balance on to write others in the past—and better a warmer reaction and that I had agreed to do so when I had the free press, would be paid adequately for my efforts and welcomed the opportunity to articulate my growing dislike for *The New York Review's* journalistic orientation. I also told Noble that Podhoretz obviously knew in general what my view was on these matters because I had expressed them before in Commentary (and as well as elsewhere, but that he had made no editorial suggestion, let alone others, about my article, beyond advising a few cuts. Noble's question about Podhoretz had a gossip-mongering flavor that began to make me uncomfortable, so I repeated these points several times. Noble saw choice to characterize my remarks as "frivolous and unimportant" and "intensely relaxed and ungrateful" in order to destroy the suggestion, without even saying so directly, that there was something to be gained as little thus could afford. [I understand, by the way, that several of his other subjects are as unobjectionable as the quality and accuracy of his reporting as I am.]

One reported "quote" referring to an editorial ought to be corrected: I never "mumbled," nor declared in any other issue of *Commentary* that John F. Kennedy was a "Staloid." I did not use the term, prefaced with an "etc," to describe I F Stone, both in the interview and in the article. DEVON H. WIDSON Princeton, NJ

THE ACTING EDITOR, Devlin Wong's letter reminds me of another Truman journalist—the one Harry answered when he was asked how many Communists there were in the State Department. Namely, the "red herring" principle.

I did not even question with Wong because he made no such request and because I felt my notes were sufficient. As regular readers of *Commentary* will recall, my notes were sufficient, and in the case of at least one quote his clarification was duly provided in the final text. Having had this opportunity before publication, it is a little late for Wong to say that my copy is "good."

Indeed, I did suggest Wong was in league with Norman Podhoretz's and Commentary's campaign against the *NYR* of New York Review and *NYR* himself supplied the evidence in a quotation he declines to challenge: "I was a bad developer, my own ideas were faulty. Podhoretz wants people to be more aggressive. I was afraid people would think I was an instrument of his revenge, but this money was paid."

I did not happen to discuss the money matter (another of Wong's admissions) in the conclusion of the Commentary statement. I believe when I wrote "I have no doubt it was his idea [money motive] and trouble—not money—that Podhoretz purchased with an extra special interest."

As for the origin of the article's contents, nowhere, absolutely nowhere, did I mention the dishonesty or the long-term years of Commentary's editor. I simply mentioned that Wong "may have been complicit in renegeing." In tone of Mr. Wong's testimony that the underdevelopment of his own ideas and Podhoretz's aggressive skepticism, my remark would seem the widest of possible misinterpretations. One would say, if Wong didn't develop his own ideas fully, just whose ideas did he develop?

Despite Wong's nervousness as the "official" reporter, I stand by my text. I could not have invented the tone, then I had never heard it before, nor could I have confused Parkhurst with Stone because we discussed the Parkhurst matter in a bookstore after our formal interview was finished. Interestingly, Wong's label for Stone in Commentary was "Staloid," not "Staloid-guy," and "Staloid-guy." If he can't even remember what he wrote, I should accordingly expect him to have total recall of our conversation.

If Wong is afflicted by such distortions as "unimpaired" and "relaxed," I

withhold them and act without cause in doing. I would only say with that, right that Murray Kravitz's description of Wong as "relaxed" was a very early blunder from when, where or how ever reached his latest pretty good Philip Noble New York, N.Y.

## A Corner for all answers

Answering your glowing plea, (West Coast's *Commentary*, May) "Why isn't the fairest man in America on television?" I say: I just sit in the top corner of the three U.S. networks, but I cannot personally, and all those formerly associated with the show still alive and well. I have not good reason why *Shore of Shore* could not go into production once again sometime during the mid-Seventies.

The timing is certainly prohibitively right for the return of *Shore of Shore*. Today America is a terrible depressive and apprehensive mood. The state of television today is catastrophic and, with several excellent exceptions, thoroughly mediocre. But what is important, *Shore* was in a great way, my idea and material at the disposal of Ed Chen and his "young" that couldn't write straight.

EDMUND KRAMER Vancouver, B.C.

## Shutty, up, shutty

Your May issue was lots of fun. I have a suggested solution for Mr. Eghem's hang-up. *LA Free Press* (and *Freedom*). There is a cult of quality about in America these days, replacing the buzzer in better faith reminded in the 1950s. But the necessary glaze of Jayne Venech. Perhaps his *LA* could devote his attention to the shape of her breasts rather than to their size. Happily this shift in focus will bring her good and mental ease. RANNA KINROSS Chualar, Calif.

Gold stars for two fine articles in the May issue, *Freedom* by Jay Chen and *Not from the Fifth Third Street* by David Evans. A Pleasant Evening with Yoda Disturb.

To those among you who chose to lend words sounding about the authorship issues of Mr. Eghem's poor little house, on thousand dollars and an hour a day for the next month at your Madison Avenue, where you will ponder (let you work for Eghem, not Silverstein, Madelonville or *Freedom* How *Free*).

As for Norm Eghem, my personal motto of the *NYR* and its various persons, back to Henry VIII. Right. Eghem where you will write on the blackboard one hundred times "It is better to be a lady than to be a man." ARTHUR HARRINGTON Pacific Palisades, Calif.

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## FILMS THOMAS BERGER

A while back I published a novel entitled *Violent Paris*. In fact, the motion picture rights to it were acquired by Jerome Hellman, who, when scoping from Elizabeth Taylor's hands the Academy Award for the best picture of 1959, was so impressed by her demerolage as almost to drop the heavy Oscar on his foot. That, along with an interest in my work, became the sort of thing I find attractive in a producer. I accepted Hellman's invitation to lunch at his office. The other guest was the man he had chosen to direct *Violent Paris*, Miles Mitterand, who is invariably identified in print as "the Czech director."

Like many persons who persist in working fiction, I had now met again been asked to write for the screen, but I had always refused, believing myself too lazy to learn a new craft, too vain to serve as a director's subordinate, and too paranoid to work with other people. But after a couple of hours with Mitterand and Mitterand, I dropped my defenses. I had met Mitterand in 1955, when



he brought from Prague to the London Film Festival not only *Lovers of a Lie* but also one of the films I had written, which, having no English with which to make a speech, exploded a handsome fireworks on the stage. Mitterand of course survived to make *The French and the Dutch* and *Paris* Off.

As to Jerry Hellman, he keeps working screen deals in his office, mostly movie deals, and produces pictures like *Midnight Cowboy* and *The Thief of Miami Beach*.

Therefore I decided to help these poor devils advance their careers. After lunch, at which he saw some reason not to be so served an alligator different pool from the sea, I agreed to write the screenplay of *Violent Paris*. Mitterand agreed to do the decent thing and construct every scene before I put it on paper. And all three of us agreed, none more heartily than the novelist, to whom the prospect of showing his vulgar taste in pictures, that we did not want a literal transcription of the book



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## WHITHER THOU GOEST

by Ron Rosenbaum

*The brief encounter of Angela Davis and George Jackson*

W

at a minute. What is that pale yellowish stain on the front of that low letter? It's gone now; the lady has placed the letter face-down on top of the stack she has already looked through. The lady is flipping through more than a year of letters from George Jackson: these are two more stacks of them resting on her gleaming dining-room table.

For a time George Jackson was in love with the lady, or so he wrote. And it's easy to understand: the lady is very fit, but she is slim and elegant and lovely. Her hair is carefully done, but the cut is girlish, and her skin is smooth and well-limed.

For seventeen months the lady wrote George Jackson gentle, covertly love letters, and he wrote her violent, overtly love letters. They met in the maximum-security visiting rooms of Soledad and San Quentin, occasionally holding hands—through a hole in the wire mesh—when the guards were not looking.

She told him of many things she knew. "I talked about the Greek Islands, the warmth of the sun on my back, the rest of the sun in my nostrils. I talked about sunlight."

He told her she was one of the few persons in the world who understood his tender side.

Understandably the lady is reluctant to talk about George Jackson as a stranger.

Some letters written by Jackson to the lady gave me the impression the lady had known George Jackson when he was growing up in Chicago. I asked her if she would tell me about George Jackson back then.

"Oh no. That's not important. What is your story going to be about anyway? That's not important."

What does the lady think is important about George Jackson?

"The one thing he discussed most often was the necessity for black people and white people and people of

all colors to understand each other and unite in fascism is to be annihilated. And that he was a symbol of a lot of important things—of the struggle for a new system?" And what is the important thing about George Jackson? The lady is flipping through the stacks of letters, picking out significant quotes about the struggle, about unity. She comes upon a story she lets me read.

It is a dozen years in the past: George Jackson is in bed with a white woman twice his age. They have just made love. She fans her jet-black hair over her armpits, white pillowcase and futon; while he tells her his adventures of the past seventy-two hours: how he escaped from the Kern County jail in California, jumped an eastbound freight in Bakersfield, from all night crossing Utah in an empty house, finally arriving in Alameda—where he is picked up by this woman—with nothing but the clothes on his back and a .45 revolver stuck in his shirt.

In the middle of this tale, a loose plank in the floor outside the lady's bedroom creaks and seventeen-year-old George Jackson leaps out of bed, knocking over a coffee table. He grabs his pants and his .45 and lunges for the door.

It turns out to be nothing. The lady says she understands, and George Jackson gets back into bed. Twelve years later he writes that she was one of only two women in his life who could understand both the love and the war within him. He stayed with her for a few more lovely days, then bitbacked to Starbuck when an agent turned him in to the police who returned him to jail. Not long after that he was sent up for good.

The lady I am talking to—who is not the lady of that story, of course—doesn't think the story is important.

"I don't think that's the kind of thing people should read about, that's just not the important thing about George Jackson. It's in rather bad taste in that I'd







rather you wrote about how he reached out to other people, how he tried to build unity among the prisoners with the spirit of perfect idealism and love."

"The lady flips back through her stack of letters, finds quotations which will substantiate that to my satisfaction, and there it is again: that thank-you-and-jolly-or-come-on-look-at-the-dread-of-a-letter."

Thus I notice something more about the stain. Most of George Jackson's letters are densely packed, filling every line on the pale-white elementary-school composition paper, which Ben Quenton happens to mention. But this letter is *loose*. There is a big blank space in the middle third of the front side. There is a rough circle drawn in the middle of the blank space. There is an arrow drawn from the writing above the circle, and there is that stain in the middle of the circle. I begin to wonder about the stain.

The lady is reading through another letter, looking for important quotes, so I steal a glance at the back of this letter. I see the words "physical evidence of love" in a sentence above the circle and the stain.

"What was it, that circle about?" I ask the lady.

"What circle?"

"Back a ways, there was a circle and an arrow."

"Which letter do you mean?"

"Oh, back here, I think, no, maybe further back, here, this one," I say, holding the letter.

"Oh that," says the lady. "Yes, I remember—" physical evidence of love? That's nothing. He once wrote like a little boy sometimes. The important thing your story has to tell is the way George Jackson tried to educate black and white in prison that their real enemies were . . ."

It may not be important to the lady now, but it hints at what love is like after eleven years in prison. This is what George Jackson wrote about the stained stain:

"Kiss this circle, break with your lips the physical evidence of the ultimate expression of love."

## God Save Thomas Yorke

Little Thomas Yorke swore that he loved George Jackson. He swore it so fervently as the witness stand that the judge felt constrained to break into his testimony and remark:

"You know this term here to—well, today has so many other connotations. I would like to see you talk about Pajaro love, love of one man for his fellowman."

"I loved George Jackson ever since I'd known him," Thomas Yorke insisted.

Thomas Yorke is a short, slightly built and delicately featured native of British Columbia who speaks with the queenish politeness of Her Majesty's colonials.

There were Christian missionaries in his family, and Yorke grew up a devout Christian in British Honduras. Then he moved to Los Angeles. Back in February of 1969 Yorke stabbed his seventeen-year-old wife through the heart. He had married her at sixteen, she slept around, they appeared, then she shot around some more and contracted syphilis. They met again, he called her fifty and several, she called him obscenities, she spit in his face.

Suddenly, according to Yorke, "a fierce spontaneous abnormal force unlike any other I have ever experi-

enced" possessed him and drove him to seize a knife and stab her to death.

Striker— . . . ability to manslaughter men, . . . coming on me. Turned to making up for this to Christ my personal savior," Yorke added up one of the few genuine sentiments in a huge penitentiary on the death row.

So poignant was Yorke, in fact, that he became a rather tedious prisoner of conscience and Christian love to his fellow prisoners in Soland's Y-Wing. Yorke's penitence was not received well by the black prisoners in Y-Wing who, on the feeling that Yorke looked upon American blacks as common criminals, lacking the intelligence and moral sensitivity of a civilized Christian subject of the Crown such as he, lacking consciousness of sinfulness.

Yorke didn't like to talk to anyone about the details of his own crimes, preferring to suffer his remorse privately. But early in January, 1970, word leaked out on the prison grapevine that Yorke had stabbed his wife thirteen times. Black prisoners who felt they had betrayed to Yorke and his Christian conscience long enough began slandering him, calling him "white-killer" and worse, punishing the self-righteous Yorke to the breaking point.

A few nights later Yorke had come back to his third-tier cell and found "STURGEON" scrawled across his cell door. Yorke went wild. He brand his finger below and above doorways, brandish a mop handle and a fork, making John Chisholm who lived in the row of cells across the third tier from Yorke. He found Chisholm, who in turn has seen, in a shower room and launched himself, man, fork and all, at the man before George Jackson stepped in to break it up.

And three days later, on the evening of January 18, 1970 there, on the bottom floor of Y-Wing, was Thomas Yorke punishing Martin Luther King and nonviolence to anyone who would listen.

But this particular night was a bad night to talk Christian love.

It was dangerous, but no one was going to desert. The black prisoners of Y-Wing had gathered around a table between the two rows of cells on the bottom floor of the wing. The table was piled with odds and ends of food supplied by the prison officials. Almost all the tables in Soland had been boycotted the prison men held it since "natch those days ago, when they learned that a prisoner had shot three very well-known black prisoners in the common yard of G-Wing, Soland's maximum-security block."

The very first blacks in Y-Wing heard the story, a firefight had broken out between W. L. Niles, a popular black troublemaker and revolutionary, and "Percho," the leader of the white prisoners' Nazi party, when blacks and whites had been allowed to exercise together for the first time in years.

It was said that as soon as the firefight broke out, a sharpshooter in a gun tower got on and to it by putting a bullet through W. L. Niles' head, then by putting a second bullet through the heart of a black prisoner who had approached Niles' body, and by finally wounding a third black prisoner who approached the first two bodies.

It was also said, around that food table in Y-Wing, that the whole incident was set up, that the firefight had been provoked by racist guards and "Nazi" prisoners to give the black revolutionaries an excuse to shoot at some of the black revolutionaries housed in G-Wing.

So there is a Thomas Yorke talking his Christian nonviolence, Martin Luther King live, when up walks George Jackson who is in no mood for that.

Character witness for Angela Davis:  
The Reverend Wilbur Howard Melick.





Defendant George Jackson (repeated).

W. L. Nolas, the first man shot dead in O-Wing cell, it was said, the number-one target of the riotists, had been one of George Jackson's closest friends for four years.

More than a friend, "W. L.," as he was called, was a key member of the underground revolutionary collective George Jackson had organized, first in San Quentin and then in Solad.

Jackson first met W. L. in 1966 when Nolas staggered into the San Quentin prison hospital with a bleeding chunk laceration on his back, and told Jackson, who was an inmate solely at the time, that he had been attacked by a white gang and that, for many reasons, he didn't want the prison authorities to know anything about it.

Jackson later wrote, "I fed him my surprise tablets, gave him a tobacco cigarette, and saved the hole in his back as best I could."

Jackson took W. L. into his clandestine "Marxist-Farmer" study group. They worked at inventing the Cripple gang, the toughest black gang at San Quentin, into a revolutionary collective. Both Jackson and W. L. had subsequently been transferred to Solad and the "disciplinary organization" of Solad's notorious O-Wing for defying themselves too thoroughly against authority by speech and other gestures, and there in Solad they had arranged another study group/gang/ritual collective, which singled them both out for special attention from white guards.

Five months after his brother Jonathan was shot outside the Merced County courthouse, George Jackson wrote that he had loved his "crime partner" W. L. Nolas the way he had loved his brother Jonathan.

So when George Jackson heard little Thomas Yorke talking Martin Luther King and nonviolence as Yoko did of January 16, he may have hit his temper a little. Yorke does not tell us what George Jackson snapped at him, only that it was something "very mysterious" about Yorke and about Martin Luther King. Whatever it was, Yorke sat up and went off to pick up a towel.

It was six o'clock and the local news was coming in on the TV room. George Jackson and most of the other black prisoners filed in to their seats on the right at "black row" of the TV room.

First then in the news. Distinct attorney calls about-

ing of three black Solad prisoners "justifiable homicide."

Agony wretches, slurring and bawling chairs on the black side of the TV room Thomas Yorke, reforming with towel and newspaper, checks into the TV room to see what the commotion is about, then heads upstairs to his third-floor cell to relax with his newspaper. The white prisoner in the next cell, a man named Larry Edgewood, comes and leans in the doorway of Yorke's cell to chat a bit. They talk about the three men dead in O-Wing about the B. A. N. "justifiable homicide" comment and about the ugly mood in Y-Wing.

There was only one guard on duty in Y-Wing that evening. His name was John T. Mills and he was a "fish-bald," a cockie who was filling in for the regular second-shift guard who was in Vacation. Guards who patrolled in California—and most other—prison systems do not carry guns or clubs for fear of giving prisoners easy means to weapons. But this most guards at Solad, Mills had a foot-and-a-half-long, metal-jointed, five-battery Ray-G-Vac flashlight hanging from his belt.

Shortly after six thirty that evening Other John V. Mills was stroking past the Adams Locking Denies—or lock box as it is called—almost directly across the bar from Thomas Yorke's cell. Suddenly Mills heard glass shatter at the far end of the bar. As he turned to investigate, he was jumped by two, possibly three, men armed with what sounded like such a hand over his mouth. His long metal-jointed flashlight was snatched from his belt. They swished his forehead with the flashlight, beat him with their fists, dragged him to the head of the stairwell at the end of the bar, and hid his body through the ceiling. He fell two floors down and landed on his head, which bled.

Sceneses sounded an alarm, a whistle blew, guards rushed in from all over and yelled "lock up." Every prisoner in Y-Wing seemed to get into his cell before the hand of the Adams Locking Denies were wrenched to the "lock up" position.

That night Yorke's white friend Edgewood peeked out the pictures of George Jackson, Flavia Drumgo and John Chateletta. He told investigators there were three men he saw beating Mills. Some other whites picked out or were shown these three pictures and said yes, they were the ones. Black prisoners told investigators they saw nothing at all.

Thomas Yorke told investigators he saw nothing at all.

But late that night, Yorke and his white buddy Edgewood had a quiet talk through a hole connecting their cells.

Edgewood told Yorke that he had given a detailed statement to investigators. He may have told Yorke some of the details.

Yorke began to realize that his I-am-nothing statement might be a matter of concern to the authorities, since it cast doubt upon the I-am-George-Jackson statement of the men in the cell next to him.

Yorke began to get nervous. He asked to see the prison priest. He asked the priest to contact a lawyer for him. He asked to meet with administrators in the prison chapel. He told the chaplain he was mad and had prison guard he said he saw nothing, that he had seen something and wanted to clear up the lie, but he didn't want to have to testify about what he'd seen before a grand jury because he'd be killed if he cooperated.

There in the chapel, Yorke pleaded to the administrators to be allowed just to whisper a statement into their ears—on their knees—know he was on their side—without having to testify. The administrators were not amused by this.

## From the Public Record

September 28, 1947: George Jackson born, Chicago.

January 29, 1948: Angela Davis born, Birmingham, Alabama.

May 30, 1947: George convicted of robbery for the first time.

October, 1950: George arrested for possessing robbery while on parole, sent to prison.

December 30, 1950: George escapes from Kern County Jail, is later apprehended.

September, 1953 to June, 1954: Angela attends the "justifiable homicide" trial.

June 1954: Angela moves to New York, stays at the home of the Reverend William Howard W. Wells.

January, 1962: George pleads guilty to revolution lobby in Los Angeles, sentenced to one year to life.

September, 1962: Angela enters Bradenton, Welles, Mass.

September, 1962: Angela begins her study at the Sonoma, Calif.

March 22, 1963: Russell Magee arrested for kidnapping and armed robbery in Los Angeles, sentenced to life.

June, 1965: Angela graduates from Berkeley, goes to Johns Hopkins University in Frankfurt to study Marxism.

September, 1967: Angela arrives at U.C. San Diego; studies with Herbert Marcuse.

February, 1968: Angela meets Dennis Alvarado in Los Angeles.

June 22, 1968: Angela joins the Communist Party in Los Angeles.

May 8, 1969: Angela gets teaching

appointment at U.C.L.A.

July 2, 1968: F.B.I. informs William Davis reveals there is a known Communist on the U.C.L.A. faculty.

September 24, 1968: Beginning of unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Angela.

January 25, 1969: W. L. Nolas and two other black inmates are shot and killed by a guard in Solad Prison.

January 16, 1970: Monterey County D.A. calls the deaths of Nolas and the others "justifiable homicide."

June 1970: Mills, white guard, is murdered in Solad.

February 21, 1970: George, Flavia Drumgo, and John Chateletta are indicted for the murder of Mills because known as the Solad Brothers.

February 28, 1970: Angela attends first public meeting of the Solad Brothers Defense Committee.

March 25, 1970: Inmate James McClure accused of assaulting a guard in San Quentin.

May 8, 1970: Angela attends preliminary hearing for the Solad Brothers case, says George for the first time.

June 1, 1970: James McClure's trial ends in hung jury; rescheduled for August 3, 1970.

June 22, 1970: California Board of Regents denies Angela's request to study at San Diego.

August 2, 1970: Angela and James McClure visit his brother George in San Quentin; part 1: Angela and Jonathan give a shotgun at Eagle Loan Company, San Francisco.

August 2, 1970: Angela and George meet alone for the first time in a holding cell in the Marin County Jail.

August 21, 1971: George killed in Solad Prison.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 1: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 2: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 3: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 4: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 5: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 6: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 7: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 8: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 9: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 10: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 11: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 12: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 13: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 14: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 15: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 16: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

March 27, 1972: Angela's prosecution opens its case against Angela; part 17: Angela awaits two surviving Solad Brothers, Drumgo and Chateletta, of murder.

west for California. "If you can't wake up your mind about testimony, we'll have to put you back on the main line without protection custody." Moody told him.

But Yorke listens alone, unperturbed with fear. He was certain he would be killed if he were put back on the general prison population.

His own begins writing letters to British ambassadors all over the world asking Her Majesty to interfere. He began talking to Solad Brother defense attorneys. He claimed he was involved into testimony before the grand jury, that the prosecution was constantly torturing him and threatening his life to force him to testify. He told them he wanted to find a way to avoid testifying and to clear his name among black prisoners. But it was too late for that.

Finally Yorke found a deal. Despite his felony conviction for escape, he was processed parole and an immediate deportation to British Honduras in such as he finished testifying.

In January, 1972, five months after George Jackson's death, Yorke finally took the stand, the last-off appearance against the two surviving Solad Brothers. Guarded from spectators by a thick bulletproof screen,





twelve "The Squad" police and several Sheriff's deputies. Yorks acted like a criminal himself.

Midway through his cross-examination, defense attorney Richard Silver had Yorks lie up on a sheet of paper a group of figures representing George Jackson, Officer Mills, John Callabell, and Floeta Duggins, just the way Yorks said he'd seen them on that first, two years ago. Putting his two Yorks mixed alone, Jackson bore facing that way, Mills facing that way, and, wait, that's not right! Jackson here, Mills facing this way, and, no, that's not it.

Try as he might, Yorks could not set things up so that the right people could be facing the right way and things would look just like they were.

Suddenly Yorks jumped up "Liar! Skyster!" he screamed at the defense attorney "Liar, skyster!" he screamed again. He told the judge he had secret documents he wanted to show him. People were after him, tracking him, threatening him, persecuting him. The state's case against the two surviving Soledad Brothers began to fall apart.

Thomas Yorks is back in British Honduras again, thanks to the deal he made.

To the end he never ceased believing he loved George Jackson. "I loved him very much," he repeated to the court. "I thought he was a very beautiful example of what a black man should be."

### Who's Afraid of the Communist Party?

Study question No. 4: A large section of the Left views us as communists, who's a large section of the American people in general views us as extremists of the Left. What image should we seek to project to each of these groups not, recognizing that our image should reflect our reality, what should we do for not to further kind image and reality?—From the course outline of the Communist Party's leadership training school.

The Communist Party found itself involved with the Soledad Brothers more by accident than by design. Back in the Fifties the Party mounted a big campaign to save the life of a black inmate named Wesley Walls, who faced the gas chamber for throwing a spittoon at a guard—the California penal code required the execution of any inmate convicted of "assault upon a free man" even if the free man was not seriously hurt. (The attorney who helped save Walls from the gas chamber was Leo Stender, a non-member who has worked as a teacher of important Communist Party cases and who helped to defend Angela Davis.)

And back in the Fifties, after he had joined the Party, W. E. B. Dubois called for "unflinching determination to oppose this national racket of relocking in jails and chain gangs, the poor, freedmen, and black."

But except for a brief fling with Geryl Chismen, the Party was born in chains, fronts, and mass prisoners were looked upon as targets, the irreducible substratum of the working class, capable of individual and group violence but incapable of the disciplined class action necessary to make a revolution.

It remained for the Panthers to glorify the hangmen.

*Editorial comment:*

Ed Montgomery of the San Francisco Examiner.

and—since almost every Panther either started out or went on prison—made prison and prison the center of their revolution.

George Jackson reviled in his hangman: "Lumpen" means ruff in German, but old beatings and fights had left George Jackson's body heavily scarred with lumps. He called the lumps "good lumps." Not even were applied, to a Japanese, in a national trial, often coming through to the home. About half the time the lumps would proceed to turn malignant and was leaped off. But in certain cases the wound might heal over, but usually only by superimposing into strong, tough, muscular growths or angry protrusions and lumps. Both lumps were called "good lumps" because they protected, if not innocuous, at least deflected removal of the trial.

Not long after Huey Newton was locked up in San Luis Obispo Prison, he began to hear about a legendary black prisoner in Soledad. He spent a few days in Soledad and Soledad told tales about "Comrade George" who was said to be physically the toughest and politically the most radical of anyone in the prison.

Meanwhile Comrade George had been reading what Huey and Eldridge Chance were writing. He was particularly attracted to George's essay "Marxism: Marxism declared the Communist Party board of Marxism corrupt and hopelessly conservative, and which elevated the violent and enraged hangmen to the vanguard of the revolution.

Before long Huey Newton came in San Luis Obispo and Comrade George up in Soledad made contact with each other, and Huey was impressed enough to name Comrade George a Field Marshal in the Black Panther Party.

So here did the much despised Communist Party get into the act?

Well, back in September, 1968, Huey Newton asked one of his attorneys, Mrs. Fay Stender, to see what she could do about getting Comrade George out of jail. He had served eleven years of a one-year-to-life sentence for a 1959-1960 kidnapping he said partly to whom he was curious, and might well serve the rest of his life for it.

But when Jackson wrote Mrs. Stender on Huey's recommendation, she wrote back telling him she was already involved in too many prison cases to take on another. Jackson wrote Mrs. Stender again, telling her, "You're supposed to have heard of me," as she recalls it. Finally on February 3 a meeting took place.

Just about this time Fay heard from State Senator Harvey Milk—with whom she had been conducting an investigation of prison—about three mothers in his Los Angeles district had come to his house and confessed, complaining that their sons had been charged with murdering a guard at Soledad Prison, that they had been held incommunicado for four weeks, and that they desperately needed lawyers for a hearing three days away on February 27. The names of the three sons were Floeta Duggins, John Callabell, and George Jackson.

Once she decided to take on the case, Fay Stender realized she would need big money fast. One of the many people she contacted put Fay in touch with a woman who had been a veteran of several political defense cases.

Fay asked that woman to leave the L.A. as soon as possible to meet with the three families and see what could be done about raising money.

The woman Fay called happened to be a Communist, a Party member for six years in fact. She is not a secret Party member, but her supervisors were the



works don't know about her activities, and will probably be better off without knowing it. We'll still sell her R.I.B.

The first thing Ellis did when she arrived in L.A. was to look up Rose Chernin, a lady who was running an organization called The Committee for the Defense of the Bill of Rights. This Committee was an outgrowth of an earlier committee called The Committee for the Protection of the Foreign Born, which was active in fighting McCarthy and McClellan inspired deportations of Communists and other foreign-born leftists in the early Fifties. Of that committee, Ellis recalls and tells me, "I guess for all intents and purposes you could say it was a Communist front."

Rose Chernin, who spent time in prison herself in the early Fifties on a South Act charge, told Ellis that The Committee for the Defense of the Bill of Rights could help with money, but that she ought to contact Paul Amadio about obtaining political support for the black community. Franklin Amadio, an old friend of Ellis's was a leader of the Che-Lumbers Club, an all-black collective within the Southern California District of the Communist Party. He was also one of Angela Davis' closest friends.

Ellis contacted her friend Paul Amadio and his wife Nedra, both of whom turned out to be eager to meet with the three families. There was only time for a brief meeting before Ellis had to drive up to Jackson, California, for the first public hearing on the Sedition, Espionage and Black Loyalty Hearings.

At the hearing, Ellis became friends with Lisa Lisa Williams, mother of Placida Dumas, one of the three involved. Lisa Williams grew up in Skidmore, Louisiana, but had married into the high-rolling black bourgeoisie world of Cadillac, Bay, and Las Vegas. She had married her Communist son-in-law.

Ellis remembers the scene in the Sedition courtroom the day of the first Solidarity Brothers hearing: "All the mothers who worried about who was a Communist defending their sons. Everyone was telling me about the situation—hey a Communist, you're a Communist, you're gonna be a Communist. I remember saying, 'Well, so I turned to Ellis and I said her, 'Who's the Communist here?' I thought they'd look different.' And Ellis just sat there and says, 'Well for one thing, I say, I didn't know what that I didn't know as one who was a Communist before. I was a Communist and they got hundreds of these boys, deputy boys with clubs in the courtroom, and Placida comes in just dropping with chains, and I start crying, and then I saw Kinsey stand up and get up her fat and say 'Power to the people' and I thought her, 'In that meter break, I mean the lawyer. So I turn to Ellis and she says, 'Yes, she's a Communist too.'"

The next Communist issue was Angela Davis. It was in late February, 1978. The occasion was the first public meeting to raise funds and support for the Solidarity Brothers in L.A.; the place was Victoria Hall in Central Los Angeles.

"We came to this meeting and they had a great hit and when we signed it we saw Angela Davis signed above us, and we were wondering if it was the Angela Davis and everybody started whispering, 'Angela's here, Angela's here,' and people were saying, 'This is a lot of trouble, she's gonna get us in trouble, and one of the families and they're not gonna have anything to do with the Defense Committee, so finally after all this shit, someone points out Angela to me and she's just sitting in the back quietly with Kinsey, and she was just a beautiful color. So I said to myself that's my last load of Communist for me."

## The Sorrows of Pastor Melish

One evening several months after Angela had been captured and jailed, her mother, Mrs. Sally Davis, had dinner with James L. Jackson, Chairman of International Affairs for the Communist Party. The talk was about Birmingham, Alabama, in the Forties and Fifties. James Jackson, who is black, had been a union organizer and a Party organizer throughout the South in those decades. In Birmingham, Birmingham was no place to be a black, a Communist, and a union man all at once, but somehow Jackson and the Party had built up a loyal and enduring cadre in Alabama. Time after time when Jackson (no relation to George) would mention a name, a committee, an annual conference, Mrs. Davis would exclaim, "Oh, I know him." "Oh, I worked with him." "Oh, I was there." Finally they remembered meeting each other.

Angela's mother was never a member of the Communist Party—for one thing she would have been fired from her school-teaching job if it had ever been discovered, and her husband Frank would most certainly have been fired out of the parking lot-charge he ran directly across from the Birmingham Police Station. But the Davis' closest friends in Birmingham were a black Communist couple, Louis and Dorothy Burdette. Their daughter Margaret Burdette, Angela's childhood friend, in Birmingham was a black lawyer. And Mrs. Davis was active along with the Burdettes in several early left and liberal groups in Birmingham in the Forties, particularly a group called The Southern Negro Youth Conference, which was a forerunner of the much civil-rights group in the Fifties, The Southern Conference Educational Fund.

But Angela Davis was not brought up to be an activist. Angela was going to be a nurse. She participated in some of the earliest boycotts and sit-ins in Birmingham, and she heard the famous "Letter from Birmingham Jail" by Martin Luther King, Jr. She was a very good girl. But she also played clarinet in the Parker High School Marching Band, joined the Girl Scouts, made straight A's, and received a nursing scholarship to Park University her senior year at Parker. She was to have a career in nursing.

That year, however, something changed. Angela's parents had a chance to send her East to a top private school, all or most expenses paid by another scholarship fund. Angela was to live with a serious Reverend Melish in Brooklyn, all of expenses paid and the Kimbly Brown School in Greenwich Village.

So one day in the Summer of 1959 the little Davis family hopped in their silver wagon and drove all the way from Birmingham to Brooklyn to check out the Reverend Melish and his family.

"They looked in on me. We looked them over," the Reverend Melish said. He got along well with Mrs. Sally Davis. Once again there were mutual friends. The Reverend Melish was then Atlantic Coast Representative of none other than The Southern Conference Educational Fund. He and Mrs. Davis had been active in some of the same groups in the Forties. He knew the Burdettes—and many other people in the Communist Party.

"When Angela came into our home," the Reverend Melish tells me, "she came into a home that was thoroughly experienced with struggle. I don't know if you're as familiar with the French Revolution as I am."

The Reverend William Howard Melish and his father,

the Reverend John Howard Melish, was much distinguished and much celebrated Cambridge-Harvard-educated Episcopal ministers who were known for their church—Holy Trinity in Brooklyn—because they had associated too closely with Communists.

The "Melish Case" or "Melish vs. Holy Trinity" became a major cause célèbre back in the late Forties, since the Melishes had been among the first victims of the McCarthy and Senate. For more than ten years Melish and his father were blacklisted from respectable society.

"I'm an old man now who's been kicked around," the Reverend Melish observed rather complacently one afternoon in his study overlooking from Street in Brooklyn.

"At one time I could call the White House and arrange a conference. I could call James Byrnes, the Secretary of State, at the White House while he was conferring about the U.K. and I'd be just right through to him as matter what."

The Reverend Melish attended this conference by working hard throughout the war on behalf of a group called the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

"I was an up-and-coming young clergyman. During the war I addressed big rallies all over the country, Madison Square Garden, Army bases, hundreds of others, speaking about American-Soviet Friendship. I was on the radio. *Town Hall* of the Air. But I got out down. The Cold War began, Churchill made his own German speech at, you know, whatever it was. The very month I was in the Chamber of the Congress. Then one year later Tom Clark issues the first list of subversive organizations, and there it is, my council, on it I got out down."

Four days after that list was issued, the Reverend Melish reflected the news meant to his life.

"Twice I was on *Town Hall* of the Air," he explains.

"Twice I spoke to five, six million people. First was during the war, the subject was Communism and Christianity, and it was fine. They invited me on a second time, but the second time, just four days after the Atlantic Charter, I was on the list. They dropped me." He sighs. "Before six million people they destroyed me. It was quite an occasion. There certainly was some something like it before in my life."

I ask the Reverend Melish to explain a little more precisely.

"Well, it was December, 1947, and the topic was, 'Why American Foreign Policy Is Not Aligned in Europe.' It was right after the Cold War started and I took the point of view that we ought to go back to the Roosevelt policy of peace and friendship. But they didn't agree that, they turned and attacked me personally." Who?

"The other pundits, let's see, there was the man who was the head of the C.I.A. during the war, O.S.B. Will Bird Devereaux, some Senator from the Dakotas, a couple others. Anyway, I had been on before and it was a destruction, but that was destruction. They attacked me personally. I was destroyed before six million people. I was forced, ultimately, out of my church. . . . That lovely building you can see set the window, over there. Isn't it lovely? Holy Trinity, Brooklyn."

Two years after that traumatic Town Hall experience, a decade of complex disillusioned and civil litigation, the conservative outgrowth of Melish's parish finally voted him out of the pulpit; a good eight years before there had his father dismissed from his parish for not representing his son.



Reverend William Howard Melish.

"We had money, we had a following, but we ended up broke, impoverished."

But the Reverend Melish's friends stick by him. "When the chips came down my friends told me they could understand my reasoning from certain connections. If you can stick with the American-Soviet Friendship Church problem, you're within ten years from the others. And we'll understand," they said. Of course I had never joined the Party. I'd never been asked, I felt I could be more effective as a free man."

The Reverend Melish's decision not to betray his friends finally paid off.

"For four or five years there I was a dead chick. I'd come up what meant to me."

The Reverend Melish gets up from behind his huge ornate desk and leads me to one of the few places on the wall of his study which is not covered with bookshelves. He points to a precious white document surrounded by pictures.

"This is the Stockholm Peace Prize I was awarded in 1954. With it came some money, enough to live on enough to buy this house, enough to get as though till we were vindicated, and allow us to begin living in faster children, which is how we are living now. As a result, it's no longer, because now Angela is being persecuted because of that same anti-communism."

I ask him about one of the pictures on his Peace Prize Certificate, a picture showing what appears to be a younger Melish with Albert Einstein.

"That's me with Einstein when he came with Rya Krimberg, the other great symbol of resistance to fascism. They spoke in German so I couldn't follow their conversation well, but Einstein later told me he had heard about my case. And this was in Yagoda where I went with a delegation of churchmen to investigate those charges that Yoko was persecuting Catholic bishops there. And here is W. R. B. Bullard, we became close when he lived in Brooklyn Heights before he was driven out of the country for being a Communist."

Angela Davis spent five years in Brooklyn with the Melish family.

"Sally wrote me the first year that Angela should just stick to her studies and not get involved in politics. She had no science, no math, no languages at Parker High. They told her she'd have to take an entire year



to graduate from Elizabeth Irwin if she wanted to go to a major university. Well, when her little heart, she settled down, she made up her mind to go into French and she did it."

But the second year Angela spent in Brooklyn, she began to assist, through Melish, the work of the just-began-a-civil-rights-movement in the South and some of its supporters in the North.

Melish was heavily involved in work for The Southern Conference Educational Fund.

"Beginning in 1953 and for the two years this young black woman Angela was living with us, I was traveling through the South at least two or three times a year. My job was to meet people in the struggle."

Apparently these were somewhat clandestine missions, or so Melish implied. "I had just given to me I don't like to use the word 'underground,' but we were trying to build up a web of black and white people who could be counted on in the struggle. Part of my job was to bring them up to New York, give them a little exposure, taking them to small fund-raising parties to meet some progressive people in the North—we had that idea long before A.N.C.C. made it popular."

"And Angela would meet them here?" I asked.

"Yes, many of them would stay here, the 89-year-old for instance. Ironically Angela met the leadership of the Birmingham civil-rights movement in her home in Brooklyn. I probably knew as much at that point as to what was happening in the South as anyone I went to Greensboro, I went to Montgomery."

After Angela went off to Europe and Europe, Melish remained in close touch with her and her family.

"I remember the time Angela was about to marry that German fellow, Manfred. I think was his name, as it seemed at the time. Angela's mother wrote me about it after he proposed. They hit the roof, of course."

Melish's sister reacts benignly. "I wrote her back. I told her not to worry, to give things into its course. It was very remarkable at first, though. He met her at Brandeis. They were both studying Canon. He addressed her to philosophy, to Nietzsche and Marx and the other German philosophers. The only thing I remember about him was that he was a pointed nose and tight pants. I met him that spring at a big B.C.C. party—I was on the platform—and there was Angela with this German fellow to the audience. He was very keen, very politically aware, a student of Marxism." Angela's friend an exchange student from Frankfurt, had to return to Germany that summer.

"But then Angela had a chance to spend her third year in Paris. He made a formal proposal when she was there, he wrote a very correct letter to the Deacon in Birmingham. At the time, Manfred was thinking that Angela would stay over there, settle down in Germany. Of course, as I told her family hit the roof. But they took my advice and waived it out."

Angela and Manfred traveled to Germany to meet his family.

"Of course it was terrible. It was out of the question. They were pulled to her of course, but it was terrible. She went back to Paris. We had a beautiful exchange of letters that summer. That was the summer I went to Ghana to preach at the funeral of Dr. DuBois."

You knew DuBois well?

"When he was in Brooklyn, you his wife Shirley Graham DuBois was on the American-Soviet Friendship Council with me. I got to know them both well. He wrote into his will at that time that I was to deliver his funeral oration, a lot happened since he left

the country, but he never believed to change it, and Kwame Nkrumah would everything carried out to the letter. So they flew me to Ghana. Paul Robeson was going to be there but couldn't make it. I felt a little out of place, being white and preaching, but looking back upon it I think I rose to the occasion. Then when I flew home from Ghana, I went to Birmingham. I was there with the Deacons when the church with the four children was bombed. Angela knew one of them. I wrote her a beautiful letter about the whole experience. She wrote me a lovely note back."

"You're born around."

The Reverend Melish smiles benignly.

"My whole history is—I'm a social-justice person. I haven't been very successful, I guess I've been knocked around, but I have endured."

### Ruchell Magee's Last Night on the Town

It is March, 1963. Angela Davis, sophomore French literature student at Brandeis, has just decided to spend her junior year at the Sorbonne. And Ruchell Magee, a thirty-two-year-old just out of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, has just left the streets of Los Angeles where he starts hanging out at a place called Club Trugetta.

Magee had been only sixteen years old and a seventh-grade dropout and part-time farm laborer when he was locked up in Louisiana's Angola State Penitentiary for a crime described as "intoxicated aggravated rape." When he was released in the Fall of 1958 after six years of growing up in Angola, promptly consigned to be one of the worst places in the universe in which to grow up, Magee had had enough of Louisiana. He headed west for Los Angeles where an aunt and a cousin lived in the black suburb of Compton.

On March 5, 1963, Magee got into a fight with a bass player at the Club Trugetta over a girl well off Linda.

The Club Trugetta was a somewhat seedy club in South Central Los Angeles, just below the big where-houses district. It seems there was this bass player and a small-time singer, a balladist of the sort, a very named Ben Browne Brown. Late one Saturday night Magee was drinking with his cousin LeRoy Stewart at the club, drinking and dancing with Linda.

This Ben Browne Brown apparently considered Linda one of his girls. He told her to cool it. Magee kept on carrying. Then, according to Magee, Ben Brown drew a pistol on him. Magee decided to cool it, for the time being.

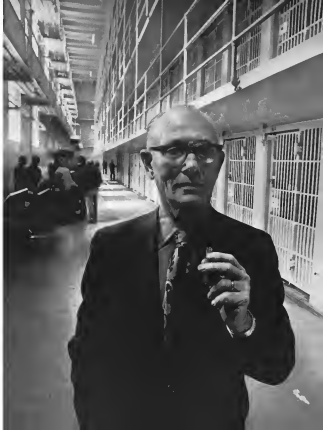
It was about midnight two weeks later when Magee and his cousin LeRoy Stewart walked into the Club Trugetta again.

Magee had a plan. The plan, according to a massive brief prepared by one of his ex-lawyers, Ernest Graves, was to lure Ben Brown out to the small parking lot of the club and beat him up. He planned to lure Brown out to the parking lot by asking Brown for some dope, and offering to make the payoff on the lot.

When he walked into the club, Magee found Brown inside drinking and fooling with Linda.

Magee asked them if they "had any stuff." Brown told him he had a few joints back at his apartment. He told Magee if he wanted them that badly he'd send

*Continued on the defendants' records: "Warden 'Big Red' Nelson of San Quentin."*





Lynda took him to his apartment to pick them up, but they'd quit Mages a dollar apiece, cash in advance.

Mages handed Lynda a five-dollar bill. No one seemed to have changed. Brown handed Lynda the keys to his car and said his apartment and told her to bring back the joints and the change.

Then Lynda invited Mages and his cousin to come along.

Driving down Central on the way back from Brown's apartment, Mages handed one of his newly purchased joints to Lynda and one to his cousin. Mages smiled at Lynda, Lynda smiled back, and Mages's cousin decided to give his to Lynda.

Lynda then began to tell Mages a tale about how this Ben Brown fellow took her to the Tropicana threatened her all the time and beat her up too.

At that point Mages suppressed a grin under the seat of Brown's car. Apparently this discovery and Lynda's tale of injustice brought the parking-lot revenge plan back to Mages's mind.

She stopped the car on a side street, and shot a hole in Brown's right front tire. Then he got a spare on, and drove to a gas station in Long Beach to get the ball-bat polished. There was a reason for that.

Arriving back at the Tropicana, Mages walked in, finds Brown, and tells him he blew a tire and had to pay two dollars to get it repaired, which means that Brown now owes him nine dollars change from the five-dollar bill. Mages says he's out of the store for a while and then the damaged tire for himself if he doesn't believe it.

Brown follows Lynda out to the lot, but there is a hitch in the plan: a cop is patrolling the street a few yards away, so Mages is temporarily checked off his mission and then both corner the cop.

Finally at two a.m., the Club Tropicana is closing for the night. Mages still wants his nine dollars change and maybe another crack at Brown's.

Brown tells Mages he'll have to go to a friend's apartment to pick up the change he's all of them, Brown, Mages, Mages's cousin, and, of course, Lynda, get into Brown's car.

Lynda produces the last of Mages's joints. She starts driving up Central, and Brown has a proposition to make to Mages: Forget about the nine dollars or so and you can have Lynda for the night.

Mages is a little quick to find out that Brown has the right to sell Lynda as he wishes and cheaply, and that Lynda goes along with it. On the other hand, Mages wants Lynda.

He turns down Brown's offer and they keep on driving up Central, until all of a sudden Brown pulls the gun out from under the seat and tells Brown to pull over. Mages waves the gun around and makes remarks, hands the gun to his cousin who waves it around and makes remarks.

Brown decides not to stick around to decide whether they are nervous. He hops out of the car and signals away.

Mages doesn't pursue him. Instead, he and Lynda leave the car and find a room in a cheap hotel nearby. At last Mages has Lynda to himself.

An hour later they emerge from the hotel and Mages says good-bye to Lynda. His cousin is seated at an after-hours bar and together they return to the car.

Before they can start the car up, they are surprised by a patrol car full of L.A. police who arrest Mages and beat him. Just six months out of Angola Penitentiary, Mages is convicted of kidnapping for the purpose of robbery on charges filed by Brown, and sent up for life.

## Angela and the Brothers Alexander

St. Deacon Alexander jumped down the speaker's platform, after speaking to a black anti-war rally he organized in Los Angeles' South Park. A tall attractive black girl approached him.

"She came up to me and introduced herself as my new love in L.A. Some she said she was studying down at U.S. Sea Drive and trying to get up support for the anti-war soldier who wouldn't ship out. She asked me to come down and speak at one of her rallies. I forgot who, but I just didn't show up at that rally."

Three weeks later Deacon was speaking on a street corner on Central Avenue, and that same attractive black girl came up to him. Then she didn't introduce herself.

"She looked me right in the eye and told me one of the first duties of a revolutionary is to keep his word, and what kind of revolutionary did I think I was?" Deacon sniffs. "She really criticized me then. She told me they were gonna have a bigger rally three weeks later and that time was I gonna show up or not. I showed up."

They met again at the celebration of Huey Newton's birthday on February 18, 1968. Before two long Deacon Alexander and Angela Davis started going together. I met Deacon in the back room of the storefront "Free Angela" headquarters on a boardwalk near City of Broadway in the heart of South Central L.A.

Through the partition we catch, as we talk, fragments of a long-winded rap by a brother off the streets to two people working the office up top.

The brother is saying that Angela is a beautiful sister, and The Man is driving over the water, he can relate to that, but he cannot relate, so he cannot relate to the Communist Party U.S.A. because the Communist Party U.S.A. cannot relate to the concept of black liberation.

Deacon is now a Communist Party member—he officially joined the Party the same day as Angela. But when Deacon met Angela, he was the only member of his family who was not a Party leader.

His father joined the Party during the war in the Cabinet projects of Chicago. His older sister Charlene joined the Party in 1945 when she was sixteen years old. Charlene went underground in 1961 when the Party's leadership decided it had to go underground to survive the McCarthy era. For most of the next five years Deacon would only see Charlene every six months or so, as she moved from city to city under assumed names, attending clandestine meetings and dodging the F.B.I. After the Party began to surface again, Charlene became one of its youngest and most influential black leaders. In October of 1967, Charlene presided over an important Party experiment: an all-black Communist Cellhouse in the L.A. ghetto. It was called the Che-Lumumba Club, and Angela Davis attended the first open meeting as an observer. In the year to follow, the Party chose Charlene to be National Secretary of its Black Liberation Committee, and then to run for President in the 1968 election, the first Communist Party candidate since the Depression. In the next year Charlene was also to become in a sense Angela Davis' political godmother.

And then there is Deacon's older brother Franklin Alexander. Franklin joined the Communist Party in 1968 when he was seventeen, and turned out to be an extremely gifted organizer for the Party, far

S.N.C.C. for The W.E.B. DuBois Club. Franklin was National Chairman of the DuBois Club when Richard Nixon denounced the Communist Party as un-American. The DuBois Club and gradually rose the good name of "The Key Club" to help out-colored men with housing arrangements.

Angela had met Franklin and his wife Kendra back in 1967 at a workshop in "Economics and the Community" at a Black Students Conference sponsored by S.N.C.C. Angela had come up to L.A. for the conference from San Diego where she was studying with Marcuse. It was Franklin and Kendra who brought Angela to her first meeting of the Che-Lumumba Club.

But even though Deacon was "born into the Communist Party" as he puts it, he created joining the Party for reasons which took many years to make in L.A. distant from his parents.

First of all, unlike Charlene and Franklin, Deacon grew up running with L.A. street gangs—that was called The New Breed, an offshoot of the powerful "Stonies" of Atlantic Avenue—and street-going naturally in him to the study self-discipline and tenacious commitment of the Party.

And secondly, the politics of the L.A. black ghetto following the Watts rebellion was dominated by the shrewd hands and African parents of the Young Men, the military wing of "U.S." and Ron Karenga, the "Nation" or ruler of "U.S." Marcus Garvey and every other black nationalist in L.A. reviled him, he who worked with the Communist Party, 1) because that meant working with whites, and 2) because they claimed the Party had a history of using and then selling out black people.

Deacon Alexander wasn't a nationalist when he met Angela, but he was sure a smart broker than a Marxist.

"As a matter of fact," Deacon tells me, "I think one of the reasons Angela was attracted to me at first was because I was close to the streets. I presented a number of problems later. He didn't agree, but I think he took Angela's girl came back from Europe, right? Herin a black woman who's been in a white world, and a really all-white world. Germany, and everything she's studying is at a revolutionary character. It's liberating but it's not. And she was meeting African and African students who were telling her her struggle is back home with her own people."

"But you got to remember when she gets back home and comes to L.A., it's still the high point of cultural nationalism, and it is the street is the center of attention and when you talk about Marx you're talking about a white man."

In February, 1968, Angela moved into an apartment in L.A. and began spending a lot of time with Deacon. Franklin, Kendra, and Charlene in the effort of Young Men, and the Party, and all the time she spent more time than that she did down in San Diego with her beloved partner.

At last that time Franklin was expressing something called the Black Panther Political Party, named after Bobby Charlene's expression of Black Panther Political Party in London County, Alabama.

About the same time the Oakland-based Black Panther Party for Self Defense was establishing chapters in L.A., naming dozens of Captains and Deputy Marshals and requiring every member to get himself a black leather jacket and a gun.

"Many" Black Panthers didn't like to use the name Black Panther even though Franklin thought the name belonged to Stokely, not Huey. So Huey's Panthers told the other Panthers to change their name or



Deacon Alexander (known).

they're gonna get the best end of a rifle as their faces. This didn't bother them so much, but not long after, Joe Ferguson of S.N.C.C. came into town and he persuaded the Black Panther Political Party to drop the name and work with S.N.C.C. for the sake of unity."

So Angela, Deacon, Franklin and Kendra went to work for S.N.C.C. Their first project was creation of a People's Tribunal to try—in absentia—the L.A. cops who shot eighteen-year-old Gregory Clark "accidentally" after being handcuffed by a cop.

"This was the first time I was able to observe the kind of work Angela would do," Deacon remembers. "She was not the intellectual. She was just a hard worker, the kind of man who can operate the most practical for meetings she did the most cleaning up, passed out the most leaflets. Unless you get into a long personal conversation with her, you wouldn't know she was a highly educated person, she was going at a hundred miles an hour, hyper, hyper, hyper."

"Which was not to say," Deacon adds, "that there weren't many people who tried to make her feel ashamed of going to Europe. It happened. You know when I first met Angela she was very sensitive about how light-skinned she was. She used to talk about how her grandmother was done in, and—"

"Done in?" I asked.

"What happened, I think was that her grandmother, who was a slave, had to submit to her white master to save her family, something like that. So Angela had a white grandfather. He really came to feel her, call her 'whitey' and 'half white'—she used to really talk that in our case time I did it."

What happened?

"Well, I think it was more when we were close. I looked her, and she really came to me, it wasn't she really came to me. You see, I had a vendetta against light-skinned people at that time. You've got to remember I was not only after the Watts rebellion (that being black, really black like I am, was beautiful, and I used to be to get back to all the time before)."

The day after Martin Luther King was killed, Franklin, Kendra, Deacon and Angela and their friends at S.N.C.C. decided they were going to make sure the entire Crenshaw shopping district in Central Los Angeles shut down.



"During this time," Deason tells me, "I've never seen people work as hard. We recruited at least a hundred people into the party. It was a challenge and they didn't want to leave, we were setting up Liberation Schools, but then the cops raided Franklin's house and took me, Franklin and five others to jail for a month without charges. They had to drop the charges. And then S.N.C.C. expelled Franklin."

Why was that?

"Well, in the newspaper stories it was pointed that Franklin was a 'Secret Communist' or something like that. And soon after that S.N.C.C. sent in the man from New York, Irving Davis, who declared that it was not a good thing for S.N.C.C. to have Communists as members."

What was Angela's reaction to that?

"Angela was infuriated. She witnessed the thing from beginning to end. She saw Franklin's ability to organize and his leadership, and she was infuriated that they made him leave just because he was a Communist. There wasn't much talk coming from Franklin about the Communist Party, but Angela could see that something was his drive that was absent in others. Then they also had favored over Angela too."

How was that?

"Well, Franklin asked Angela and me to stay on in S.N.C.C., but we could see the thing collapsing after he was expelled. Angela was supposed to teach a Liberation School course on Third World Relationships, but then others, what they did was snatch Angela from the leadership of the Liberation School—they didn't think she was smart enough, right—and they made her a 'protected secretary,' a new title they used, but what it meant was that she'd do the teaching and her job was to be kept and answer the phone."

Did she stay on after that?

"Yes, I can't believe some of the shit they pulled on her. This jerk had Angela and five other women go to some Hollywood tea party and parade around in African skirts in order to raise money for the leadership of S.N.C.C. I remember Angela went along with it at the time because she didn't want to rock the boat, but she became disillusioned with the whole S.N.C.C. idea and especially the racialistism."

Was that one of the reasons she turned toward the Communist Party?

"Well, it was about this time she began to speak up more, and say what she believed. She began to talk to close friends about Marxism, about how much the class struggle is just as important as the race struggle. Of course she still didn't leave her studies." It was about this time, in April, 1968—that Angela, Deason, Franklin and Keenan all took a trip down to El Escamado, Mexico, to get away from the L.A. streets and help Angela decide whether to join the Party.

"For two days straight we did nothing but discuss the question backwards and forwards. There were some high risk and heated debates, about the Soviet Union, about the Chinese, about Cuba. Angela brought up the objections about the Communist Party being mainly old and mainly white, about the Communist Party not being involved in the black community and in the South, but Franklin and Keenan would have a rebuttal to that. So they leave the Communist Party's record, and discuss where they were involved and knew the people who were."

Did Angela make up her mind down in Mexico?

"I don't believe Angela was completely convinced then, but it was a turning point."

When did she finally make up her mind?

"I think it was about a month later. The Communist

Party held a convention—it was the Southern California District Convention and Franklin and Keenan were involved in the CP after and brought Angela along as an observer. It was in May, I think. She witnessed the democracy of the Party convention and saw Franklin in action with white and black Party members. She told me if S.N.C.C. had been like this it never would have folded. And also she saw that the Party accepted the idea of an all-black club as an experiment at least, and she decided to join."

When was it that she actually joined?

"It was the twenty-second day of June, 1968. I joined the same day. I could have joined anytime. I was born into the Communist Party, really, but I wanted for Angela to come around—her criticism of the Party was much deeper than mine and I thought well, if she's convinced, I ought to be. There was a little celebration that evening. Franklin and Keenan and Charles and Angela and me. Plus a couple who were former in the Party in the Fifth when it went underground, and finally myself."

The photo came up front in the office of the "Free Angela" headquarters. Someone saw me and felt back to Deason. "It's Franklin."

Deason goes up front to talk to his brother. Franklin has called to tell Deason that Angela will probably be released in jail within two days, because of a recent California Supreme Court ruling abolishing the death penalty. He asks Deason if he wants to come up north to celebrate her release with them.

Deason tells him no, he's got a lot of work to do down in L.A., he didn't think he could make it up there.

"By the way, that guy from Espinoza is here, you know him, right? Do you think I ought to be talking about, you know, my relation to Angela?"

Franklin says something and Deason laughs. "Yeah, I know, it's my son. Okay, give her my love, will you?"

Deason returns and smiles. "Where were we? Oh yeah, Angela joins the Party. Well, it's about this time the Black Panther Party for Self Defense comes into play."

In November, 1968, Deason was recruited into the Panthers by "Brandy" Carter, Deputy Minister of Defense of the Los Angeles chapter of the Panthers. Brandy had been leader of the "Marxists" and knew Deason well enough from street-party days to appoint him national leader of Deason's in West Central L.A.

"Angela agreed that my move was a correct one so she decided she would join. I would teach political education courses for the Panthers, and Angela participated in them at a low-key level almost as if it was a 'learning experience' for her. She took on the role of lady's business on simple definitions like 'socialism' and 'imperialism.' She used to say that those classes were as much a part of her as my dimes in any of the universities she'd been to."

The first action taken by Section 1A of the L.A. Black Panther Party was the burning of a Washington Boulevard Spac store, whose white owner had shot a black teenager.

"Angela risked all the forces of the community behind that one, it was the only mass action the Black Panther Party ever took in the city of L.A. Angela really pushed it, but I remember we were nervous and cautious of tactics and one of the brothers and we ought to take care of the liquor-store owner physically. But Angela pushed the fact that the people have to be with us. You can't get too far ahead of the people."

When for the prosecution?  
Peter Fleming (left) of Fleming's Model Station.





Well, we ran that guy out of business. He had to sell his store and sell it to a black guy."

Deacon's Section 5A of the Panther was growing and prospering when suddenly in early January of 1969 an ultimatum was issued to Deacon by Ruchey Carter. The ultimatum, sent the Communist Party immediately or get out of the Panther Party. The ultimatum was probably issued on Eldridge Cleaver's inspiration, because Cleaver had a then-shaft-not-serve-two-masters attitude about Panther members, and she trusted the Communist Party anyway. Deacon quit the Panther Party.

"Angela witnessed that and she couldn't believe it. I don't understand it," she told me. "A person's built a mass movement, and then they want to throw him out because he's a Communist." She ceased her activity with the Panther Party although she never got an ultimatum herself.

Angela got her ultimatum eight months later, and although it was from the California Board of Regents rather than from the Panther Party, the message was the same: "If you're a Communist, get out."

On June 5, 1968, Angela was hired as an instructor. On June 24, in a move totally unrelated to Angela at the time, the Regents rescinded a twenty-year old resolution against the hiring of Communists by declaring, "No judicial test shall ever be considered in the appointment and promotion of any faculty member."

The very next day a letter appeared in the U.C.L.A. Daily Bruin which claimed that the Philosophy Department had just hired a Communist Party member. The letter was written by an ex-F.B.I. informer, William Telo Devale, but had been a Party member for two years and close to Franklin, Ruchey, and Charles. Within a week a newspaperman with F.B.I. connections revealed that the Philosophy Department Communist—whom Devale's letter had left unnamed—was, in fact, Angela Deva.

I was contacted by Regental policy to report that you inform me whether or not you are a member of the Communist Party." U.C.L.A. Chancellor Charles Young wrote his new faculty member Angela Deva.

Angela was in Cuba when the Chancellor sent her this letter. After returning to Charles Mitchell's apartment in New York City from two weeks of visiting cases as part of the first U.S. Communist Party delegation, she immediately flew to L.A. to confer with Franklin and lawyers.

"I remember we were sitting around trying some chicken and the three just kind of came up. Angela was talking about how she witnessed what happened to me because I was a Communist, how she witnessed what happened to Franklin with S.N.C.C., and now it was about to happen to her. Someone was saying, 'Well, I guess we'll have to mount a massive campaign to fight this kind of thing,' and Angela said, 'Not with my name, you don't.' She was half kidding but she didn't feel right about being the center of a case on academic freedom. The university wasn't the part of her life she wanted to fight about. But she came around. I think, because of the open Communist thing, she didn't want to hide it, keep it secret. Angela was still a scary thing to say or admit. Angela said she was gonna put a hole in that."

"Without waiting my objections, my answer is that I am now a member of the Communist Party . . ." Angela wrote back to the Chancellor. "My views do not necessarily mean that I support the Nixon and the Reagan of this country."

By the time Angela became front-page news, she said Deacon had ceased going together.

"She was going with me thirteen months," Deacon tells me. He doesn't say "about a year or so." He says "thirteen months."

"When she met me I was right out of the streets. I had never understood women's freedom," Deacon tells me by way of explaining some problems he had with Angela. "Then it, I was a young political hoodlum. And the transition didn't come easy for me." Deacon stops and thinks.

"There were many things where I helped her out. She'd grown up in a world where, well, if it wasn't upper middle class, it was middle class at least, and in that world the relationship had to be poor and poor, rich and rich, middle and middle. I remember once when her father came to where she was living in L.A. and gave her a lecture about the black thing, how it was not condone for a young lady of her upbringing to behave in this fashion. Her father was intense. And Angela refused to confront her parents about it, she had too much respect to say no." Deacon pauses again.

"I have to admit, looking back, she made one half of an attempt in dealing with our problems. I mean, she made every attempt to become a person speaking from her heart, you know what I mean. Especially when dealing with a guy like me who was in every sense of the word mixed up."

Deacon stops. I can't think of a question to ask. "I mean it was a two-way thing, we both brought each other something a little foreign. My attitude about women, well, that was a little foreign to her, and the world of the everyday street brother, that was a little foreign to her. But Angela had decided to cut her entire life in that direction, to the brother on the street, even if he was foreign."

Deacon takes a breath. "This commitment carried her to her beautiful relation with Comrade George Jackson. Their backgrounds were even more different than ours, and he had a commitment, he had a commitment to people's liberation. I for one could understand why she would love George Jackson."

## The Sims of Vesta Minnick

Richard Magee has a gold cup on his front tooth, and his two favorite words are "property" and "fraud." The gold cup is as small as in no insignificant detail of appearance; property and fraud are his character. While the prosecutor was summarizing the evidence against him in his first trial back in 1964, Magee rose to claim he was being framed. The prosecutor had introduced a tape-recorded statement in which Magee's cousin LeRoy Stewart incriminated Magee.

"Your honor, I'm being framed," said Magee. "I am telling you what is going to happen," the judge observed to the courtroom. "I am going to get six good-natured boys and I will restrain the bailiff if he opens his mouth again to wrap them around his mouth and shut 'em up."

Magee then asked to fire his lawyer for not representing him properly.

"I am telling you what I am going to do now," the judge told Magee. "I am going to get some black boys brought down here to wrap around your face if you open your mouth one more time."

"Can I say one more thing?" Magee pleaded at the judge. (Continued on page 174)



## A TWO-CENT STICKY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

There are grown men in the land who still keep their most prized possessions in shoe boxes under their beds. They are the keepers of the National Civil History, America as seen through its taboos and hidden gun cards. To begin this unadmitted, cherished odyssey—a study where look at the last one hundred years of American culture—wrap slapping at the girl and turn the page.



The earliest tobacco cards came in cigarette and tobacco packs. From 1880 to 1900, the nation got its groggle on in a limited number of cultural themes: fire and fully packed women, papadote heroes, salubrious cowboys and Indians, and emerging popular culture characters.

The largest mass of the period was *Swart Capard's* set of military uniforms. Over 700 international uniforms were depicted (see the Prussian artillery card in the center of this page). If you showed Little Ruddy Cut Plug, you were treated to a boy of beautiful location (above). Similar toasty dress came with Old Judge cigarettes (below) and *Blond Long Gals* (facing page, bottom). These cards were collected for countless century-old books, but show no one for kids like you!

The Western series (facing page, top) was modeled by *Harold Clark*. *Top* in 1910. Legend has it that the costumes for *Old Judge* were purchased after these designs (On the back of one card we learn: "The cowboys are a hard lot to look at. Their life is not for me. I don't like it.") (On boy.)

The twentieth-century witnessed the comic strip in the culture. *Stella Goldberg* was a disc-jockey of the *Swart Capard* series that portrayed *Black and Jiff* (facing page, left center). In 1914 the comic book set was used.

(That's the late great *Scout of the Indians*, lower right, facing page.) A *Blond Wagner* card of this series is the most valuable single item in today's collector's market. Value: \$1,000.

Designed and Photographed by Henry Reid







**D**espite bubble gum didn't come itself over the American face until the late Twenties. When it finally did, the nation found itself in the modern era of the collector's card.

On these two pages, a view of Curable America. In the Twenties, the card was passed called upon the service of the Walt Disney people (a selection of the popular Mickey Mouse series, shown) as well as other top illustrators. Various thirty-eight saw the same of one of the greatest series of all time. "The Heroes of War" set, put out by them, like all Philadelphi (these examples are found on the page, lower right). "The War of War" political issues were in form of Chicago and Federalism, spread France and the Japs. The collection was so more that it elicited an official protest from the Japanese government.

On the facing page, America enters the present. Card production during the war was weak—because our supply of rubber (needed for the press) was cut off. The Fifteen brought new color records for the baseball card and entered in ten topics. Special issues like The Beatles series or the book series had there day, then faded away—like yesterday's news.

What are all these little windows on the world worth? Not much. A "new" card—like the Truman military affairs—might get a quarter in the market, while the Elton Howard card (facing page) is worth a Twenties more than a nickel.



# The Day the Methodists Brought Sex to Honolulu

by Richard W. Johnston

Further notes on the redemptive social value of dirty movies

When the Boston ministers came to Honolulu in 1888, one of their first objectives was to repress and renege the happy, healthy sexuality of the Hawaiians. They did a thorough job, and in the succeeding years waves of Japanese, Chinese and Filipino were fitted snugly into the Caucasian mold. Now, a century and a half later, a new mission has arrived with spectacularly different aims: The Methodists have landed and are showing dirty movies.

That, of course, needs instant qualification. The missionaries are, in fact, connected with the National Sex Forum, a division of the Methodist Global Urban Center in San Francisco, an organization concerned with many social problems. The "dirty movies" are 45-minute filmed films which deal explicitly with heterosexuality, homosexuality, and both male and female masturbation. They are no way resemble the hard-core "pornos" in public display. Many are scenes which tend to degrade and demean the participants, but neither are they clinical studies of sexual "abnormalities." The films are (1) movie, violent and sexually portrayed by volunteer participants, heavily endorse their theme.

Although the Global Urban Center has been involved with the use of sex-oriented action pictures and tapes since 1967, until now they have been used principally as teaching aids in the Forum training course and otherwise have been available only to medical schools, social and church agencies, and counselors. The Honolulu experiment—a during one even in the age of the so-called sexual revolution—is the first attempt to expose these new films to a wide-spectrum audience. "Basically, what we are doing is testing the acceptability of the

films," says Dr. Vincent DePaul, chairman of the Department of Anatomy and Reproductive Biology of the University of Hawaii School of Medicine.

Both DePaul and his collaborator in the study, Dr. Jay Mann, a psychologist with the family-study unit of the Veterans Administration hospital in Palo Alto, are members of the Forum's film advisory board. They ask, "Do they help anyone? Do they hurt anyone?" DePaul answers: "Our early reaction indicates that they are helping, that most people find them beautiful. It is surprising how many people have indicated that the films could be used at the high school level, within an instructional context."

It is surprising, indeed, in view of Hawaii's Puritan tradition and the fact that the films are endorsements—endorsements of homosexual relationships and of masturbation as well as unbridled heterosexual exploitation and expression. Thus far about (from Honolulu) Honolulu—physicians and, in support, nurses, social workers, educators, attorneys, clergy, psychiatrists, psychotherapists, and University faculty and students, together with their spouses or friends—have viewed the films in a series of screenings conducted on an invitation basis by Dr. DePaul. Only one couple has walked out.

Honolulu was chosen for the pilot project in part because of Dr. DePaul's connection with the University and his interest in studying human sexuality. Although Forum officers do not say so, it seems likely that a second motive was the Hawaiian Establishment's Victorian attitudes. A third attraction was Honolulu's smaller portion and the fact that in the professions, at least, the population is relatively mobile, permitting a more restricted study than would be possible elsewhere. The city's heterogeneous racial makeup, with its admixture of Oriental and Latin (primarily Filipino) sexual stock, both in their ways as natives and as fundamentalist Christian doctrine, also seemed promising. It is a reasonable assumption that if the Global film was acceptable in Honolulu, they may be well received in other cities.

DePaul's doctor of philosophy was taught at Vanderbilt and Illinois before joining the Hawaii faculty six years ago, is forthright about the intent of the films, "These local therapists have said the audience can find masturbation to be a healthy sex, unbridled, and

been to do it," DePaul says. "That can be of interest in a number of situations. For, for example, the spouse is going to be gone for a while—off to Vietnam or elsewhere—and the woman is left behind. If (masturbation) can be reassuring to both of them. It is something she can do to relieve her sexual tensions, and it's all right—they both know that and it's okay."

The Forum's (and DePaul's) attitude toward homosexuality is unambiguous. The films used in Honolulu show loving relationships between lesbians and male homosexuals, including oral stimulation to climax. Neither Glits nor DePaul is a proponent for homosexuality, but both reject the belief held by many puritans that it is a form of pathological crime. "Homosexuals are no more ill than heterosexuals are ill," DePaul says. "They've got the same kind of problems, plus the additional one that people keep telling them that they are sick. . . . Perhaps a heterosexual would just as well as if we kept telling them that they are ill."

While DePaul believes the homosexual minority should enjoy full sexual expression, and that masturbation for either sex is a valuable alternative to intercourse, his broadest conviction is that realization of one's sexual potential should be the privilege of every human being—"not just for some, but for everyone." It is the words of Kurt Bachmann and William S. Burroughs, *The World Needs You Is Love*. As a member of the method-school faculty, he is especially eager to alert doctors to the sexual needs of people of all ages and, particularly, of people who have suffered disability.

"Right now the medical profession is struggling to deal with this," DePaul says. "If we can restore some of the functions that help restore helping function, how can we say that no effort should be made to restore sexual function? Suppose the physician says to his patient, 'Well, that's not important; you've got your life and your job to maintain life for you.' But you know that if you've added years to your life without adding life to your years, what have you gained? The most dramatic thing Glits has recently said and hints to the sexual potential of the severely handicapped. It depicts a successful homosexual relationship between a 'reily turned-on' woman and a paraplegic."

Will the Honolulu experiment work? Will (Continued on page 122)

## Your Car Deserves a Little Something Extra

by Tony Hagg

\$700 extra, in fact—including the most important \$50 you ever spent

Twenty years ago a Ford was a Ford and a Chevy was a Chevy, and the only options were stove and seats. Now, when you buy a Ford or a Chevy, you are confronted with endless different models to begin with, and then by endless different options which, apart from pumping up the price beyond anything you had intended to pay, totally confuse you. The following is a brief summary of what options to buy, what to pay for them, what not to buy, why, and why not. On the following two pages, you can actually see what you get for the money (about \$300 above the base price of the car).

Options fall into two basic categories, comfort-convenience, and performance. The first category doesn't matter particularly, except that it includes a vast number of questionable useful gadgets thought up by some particularly fertile minds in Detroit more suitable for their necessity than their practicality. For instance, airless tires in Atlanta, you wouldn't want the automatic electric seat warmers, despite the fact that they are supposed to prevent you from getting cyberstiff, which you wouldn't want either if you knew what it was.

Performance has little to do with how fast a car will run in a straight line, and this is to specify these options that give you a car capable of earning you profit, safely, smoothly, safely and quietly in all conditions to wherever you want to go. This type of performance depends on the correct combination of tires, wheels, brakes, steering, suspension, shock absorbers, engine and transmission, and all these components are readily available. Detroit currently offers more options than you know what to do with, so select those that offer you a better performance and safer car.

Safety is your top buy with the government at the moment, but this approach is entirely negative because it assumes that the accident is going to happen and tries to regulate what happens in the carports after the accident has happened by specifying the right options. You can take a positive approach that avoids both the accident and what happens after. We have selected our options from listings provided by the Big Four manufacturers, and we have arrived at approximate costs by averaging the prices quoted by all four for their intermediate cars.

Unfortunately, option shopping is a little more complicated than grocery shopping because the various models tend to come in groups. This is not a device plot on the part of the manufacturers to make you buy more than you need, but it is to protect both you and the manufacturer. For instance, if you specify

a certain optional engine, the manufacturer must assume the right to specify an automatic transmission to go with it that will not only withstand the engine's power output, but also have characteristics that match the characteristics of that particular engine.

Optional engine selection is one of the most difficult decisions facing the average buyer. The basic rule is to forget the standard engine, which is usually a rather limp six, and go for one of the V-8's further up the line, but don't overdo it. A couple of years ago you could dream of a Chevrolet equipped with a 264-cubic-inch engine in a high state of tune, which was an embarrassment of riches. At a touch of the accelerator, it was boggy from the day of its birth, and it could burn rubber for a quarter of a mile, which is absolutely grand if you are not buying the rubber. On the other hand, a short time later I drove the length and breadth of California over a ten-day period in a Chevrolet with a 266-cubic-inch engine in a mild state of tune, and it was a superb car and the equal of almost anything from Europe costing twice as much. In the 1940s, even I would probably never have made it from Asia through Australia to Coos Bay without recurring the wrath of the local cannibals.

From the safety viewpoint, suspension options are particularly important. The reason why suspension options are offered to increase the American carmaker's share of business sold the public on a very soft, smooth and quiet ride, rather than the type of ride that keeps the wheels firmly planted on the road and offers maximum controllability under all conditions. By specifying heavy-duty suspension, you will undoubtedly sacrifice some comfort, but you will probably find that you are enjoying your driving more because of the better handling, steering, braking, and control that you have over the car.

Optional suspension usually comes as a package consisting of heavy-duty springs, shock absorbers and stabilizer bars, and possibly rear-side control arms, although the exact package will depend on the make and model of car, and it is important to remember that the whole lot is engineered as an integral unit. Therefore, you must order it with your car, because it is impractical to add it all on later. Admittedly you can have a mechanic install, say, heavy-duty springs after the fact, but it involves a lot of labor and you end up with a sort of partially paid but quite valuable strings attached on the shop floor. If you order all that as a new car, your particular car goes down the assembly line and is equipped with its various specifications that cost the manufacturer. (Continued on page 124)



## THE ESSENTIAL OPTIONS

The safety and performance of any new car can be improved if you install the optional equipment shown here and have your dealer make sure it has all been installed before the car is delivered to you. Prices listed

are averages of those set by the largest manufacturers, and together the options should increase the car's cost about \$690-\$700. Many (but not necessarily available) are needless extras, but these are worth every penny.

The standard engine will usually be a petrol six-cylinder, and it won't provide the power you need in hilly country or for added safety. Good acceleration at the right moment can save your life as easily as good brakes. Select a V8 with increased power, but don't overdo it. Tell your dealer the kind of driving you normally do and trust him to select the right capacity for you. \$100



**Heavy-duty alternator** charges up battery quicker than standard equipment. Useful in winter, for night driving, or after a spring oil change. Most cars all have this type of alternator. \$25

**Heavy-duty battery** isn't physically larger than the standard model but has a greater output. The charge lasts longer, and the car will start easier in cold weather. \$15



**Heavy-duty springs** are part of special suspension package which adds to the ride but in excess safety by keeping the car tighter to the road and making steering and wheeling much easier. The package \$30



**Power-assisted brake** gives no aid at all except from vacuum boost and no engine to enter. They are thus much more dependable, less likely to grab, lock up and cause the car to swerve. \$70

**Automatic transmission** and power steering take a lot of the work out of driving or parking and also serve to increase the resale value of your car. \$200 for the transmission and \$135 for steering (which is less useful in a small and light car)

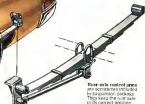


**Heavy-duty shock absorbers** are included in the suspension package. Working with springs, they take the bounce out of the ride but will keep wheels firmly planted on the road. In general, standard suspension equipment in this country produces fast and a ride

For safety and longevity get either bias belted or radial tires, depending on what is offered, insured on every wheel size as specified by manufacturer. \$35

**Rear-axle control arms** are sometimes included in suspension package. They keep the axle in its correct position under all conditions of acceleration and braking

**Rear-axle deflector** is an important safety and view-improving device. Get the electric type if it is offered. \$50. Alternate line is for the second-type, \$30



**Front and rear struts** are included in the transmission package with heavy-duty springs. They control the car's tendency to sway and help to give it desirable steering characteristics

Illustrated by Tom Pencak



# REX HARRISON, OOZING CHARM FROM EVERY PORE

by Jon Bradshaw

*Why can't the English... be more like him?*

"As I was going up the stairs / I met a man who wasn't there; / We wasn't there again today / I wish that man would go away."

The sole occasion on which I saw Rex Harrison (born Reginald Carey Harrison) when he was unknown to me was the first time we met. He looked exactly the way I'd expected him to look. Which disturbed me rather. I'd only seen him on the screen before. So much for mystery. So much for reality, ease to that. He is elegant, nothing trendy, definitely traditional in fact—the well-cut blue pinstripe suit, the blue-and-white spotted tie with matching handkerchief in the breast pocket, the stylish hat, all of which he wore with the sleek brevity of a Michael Arlen hero. Most of his clothes come from a small area stretching from Savile Row to Piccadilly, as Michael Arlen's did.

He had just emerged from his bath and was giving his chauffeur some final brogue instructions. Then, rubbing his hands together, smoothing his tie, and glancing impatiently at the late summer sky, he seemed to glide across the street, and disappeared from view. The entire motion was conducted with that composure and reserve so characteristic of the English gentleman. His remark have been similar back from Wimbledon or going off to war. It was perfect. After that, we were always face-to-face, so I value that one unguarded aside. I wasn't aware of a mask then, though he may have been playing a lesser role, practicing perhaps. It's difficult to say. I only know that when we were introduced, he put out his hand and smiled—almost pensively. Not Henry Higgins' smile of overt condescension, nor Dorothy's jaunty grin, no, it was Cassius's tired, sometimes snark, somewhat pensive to being studied in the back.

I had been waiting in the Mayfair offices of the public-relations firm which handled him. It was from a window of that office that I had watched him discuss his film. I was to see him on two separate occasions in that room, each time I wondered why he'd agreed to come at all. Just as I'd prepared what he must have answered me the predictable questions, so he had prepared appropriate replies—which he'd delivered, as from a reading machine, again and again over the years. "Happy childhood." "Happy marriage." "True love." "A marvelous part." "A great actor and gentleman." "I'd rather not discuss that; I'm devoting a chapter to it in my autobiography." "No comment."

His wariness bothered me because I couldn't understand what it was he thought he could lose. Here he was, a famous man of sixty-three at the time, considered the finest neoclassical actor of his time—a high

comedian without peer. There were no immediate answers, nor were any forthcoming. He merely stroked his nose and waited. It was as if he suspected that one had stilled through his life and found the accounts had not tallied, and that at this stage in the game, it was too late to set them right. His responses were unaccountable otherwise. And indeed easily. I remember a colleague of his who had said to me: "He won't play a mouse with you; he'll play it against you. But he'd rather not play it with you at all." There was something in that. Already, I felt like a bit player in a minor play, slightly upstaged, but waiting for a cue, which I could not then have known would never come.

More than in any other profession, I have noticed that actors are loath to renounce their parents—as though silence conferred some additional mystery on their birth, thereby granting greater scope in which to weave their private fictions. In England, one usually resorts to silence for reasons of class. Unless you happen to have risen up in the early Sixties and were born a Cadbury (in its Cadbury & Co.), in which case it is perfectly acceptable to throw your ancestry in the public's face. Rex Harrison did simply. "I had a happy childhood, my parents stayed together until the day they died." Which is true. So much for silence. If Reginald Carey Harrison was the mouse, then Rex Harrison is the effect.

He was born in the Spring of 1908 in the village of Hoylake, near a small suburb of Liverpool. There was modest attempt to establish theatrical tradition in the family, since, reportedly, Rex (or Reggie, as his family called him) was related to Edward Kean on his mother's side. But the claim is dodgy. His father was trained as an engraver. "I can't remember what he ultimately did," said Harrison, "but whatever he did, he did it on the Liverpool-Manchester stock exchanges." His family, though not poor, lived a moderate middle-class existence, which, given their former status, must have rankled young Reggie.

As a boy, he would have been spellbound with stories of what had been. His grandfather's wealth, the yacht, the shoot in Scotland, the large house called Belle Vale nearby in Lancashire. The source of grandfather's wealth is uncertain, though the stories speak of ships and slaving parties down sea-lanes coasts. But when Harrison was born, the money had gone. Only the yacht remained. And the family crest, with the motto: "Courage Sans Fear." I wonder if the tradition appealed to him? Even now, as he pooms the drinks, I can see the gold signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. The sole survivor. Belle Vale, itself, was con-



Illustrated by Jane Muller







## THE RETURN OF THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT



Nothing else in a man's wardrobe was ever as stylish—as casual and yet as dressy—as the gray flannel suit. It was given the imprimatur of the chic of the man who wore it ("Jack" Winsley, Alfred Vanderbilt Jr., man like that, was who could afford shooting boxes in Scotland, and, above all, and with matchless grace, Fred Astaire) and the utter poise of the places where they were seen in it, the polo matches on Long Island playing fields on Wall Street, in sanctified men's clubs. In time it came to be regarded as such an unassailable symbol of status that Simon Wilson expressed the certainties of a novel in its title *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. Then, as so often happens, it began to decline in popularity. This fall, at least too long lost, it will be back—both the gray flannel suit and the look of it in other shades and fabrics. The young men shown here are on Wall Street. The wadish lapels of both suits roll to the second of five three buttons; both have center vents, flapped pockets and are worn with vests—another important comeback this fall. At left, a wool flannel suit (\$500) worn with a cotton-brocade shirt (\$25), printed vest (\$45) and solid tie (\$12.50), both of wool challis and all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Opposite page: a goldpower and wool double-breasted "casual look" suit (\$115) and the contrasting flannel vest (\$15), both by John Wells for Paul Beach. Wells also designed the cotton button-down shirt (Eberch, \$23) and the knit tie (Barney Reina, \$5.90).







# Hoover's Memorial

by Richard M. Cohen

Visitor, if you would seek his monument, look around you

**B**ack in the early Sixties, when the Federal Bureau of Investigation building was still in the design stage and just a gleam in J. Edgar Hoover's eye, the Washington Fine Arts Commission inspected the blueprints, gave its general approval and suggested only that the building have freestanding columns. No, said the F.B.I.'s Director; columns make steel cover for windows.

So there are problems that complicate the designing of a headquarters building for the F.B.I. that just don't arise in the planning of the average office building. Altogether, the problems and the time it has taken to solve them have more than doubled the original cost. When the building is completed in 1974—which would have been the eightieth year of Hoover's life and his fifteenth as the Director—the J. Edgar Hoover Building (if not that, what then?) will be Washington's most expensive building and the nation's grandest police station. One hundred and twenty-six million, one hundred and eight thousand dollars—and no hangar room.

Instead, there will be a basement gymnasium, exercise areas, therapeutic rooms complete with massage tables (but no Tiki Tiki girls), a whirlpool bath, swimming called a lap exercise unit, a film library, a publishing facility ("Hoover is considered a newspaper"), a four-hundred-eighty-seat auditorium, a basketball court, a photo room for the production of both still and motion pictures, a medical center, a smoke-detection system, electrically powered metal gates, special alarms, a special waste-disposal system, so the cleaning lady can't read discarded doodles, a \$250,000 garage, and a drug range where the Most Wanted demons will be destroyed in fiery heaven. KATATATAT!

Altogether, the General Services Administration, the government agency responsible for the and almost all government buildings, has estimated that "special facilities" to be included in the F.B.I. building which are not generally found in office buildings will cost well over \$4,000,000. Of this, \$2,500,000 or about one sixth will be spent on specially designed rooms for the F.B.I.'s computers. The best most expensive item is the drug range and its annex (\$1,500,000), proving that even in the age of the computer a good pistol is no substitute for a shot between the eyes.

To taxpayers not familiar with the government's office complex, gymnasiums and whirlpool baths might seem like a sheer waste of money on a gross Phase Two indulgence. But similar expensive diversions were also included in the Bayshore House Office Building, the

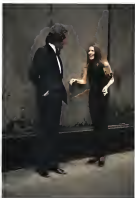
Congress' tasteless gift to itself and the only bona fide reason left for a march on Washington. The Bayshore Building, a seamless masterpiece, is the town's most expensive public building. It cost \$87,000,000 in 1964 and it would make the F.B.I. building look like a prefab job if it were being built at today's prices.

In secure facilities, the F.B.I. building will be exceeded only by the Pentagon. And while it may be big, the space is surely needed for the 390,000,000 fingerprint cards and the famous F.B.I. files themselves—the great for generations of telecommunication. Just how many there are is anybody's guess, but bear in mind that the Bureau says it conducted 21,000 interviews following the assassination of President Kennedy. Anyway, 300,000 square feet of the building's more than 2,800,000 square feet will be filing space. Laboratory space will need 40,000 square feet, domestic intelligence 30,000 square feet and general investigation—the collecting of your run-of-the-mill back rubber—will get a merely 25,000 square feet, or 2500 square feet for each name on the Ten Most Wanted list.

Originally, Hoover asked that the building be designed around the files. The result was what one observer called the world's largest filing cabinet. The Pennsylvania Avenue Commission, just one of the agencies which had to approve the project, recoiled in horror and asked for revisions. Hoover relented and after that he entered the picture only when the architects got carried away and forgot what their client was. Like the first they suggested a pedestrian arcade and Hoover, always on his toes, pointed out that it increased the risk of F.B.I. secretaries' being mauled. If that ever happens, and was he to be the one who tries it, it will provide an element of sound that will be nearly missing in the building itself. For as Senator William French Kilpatrick learned to his regret when he asked the General Accounting Office for a report on the building, there is "no evidence that special facilities [have] been planned for the use of F.B.I. executives."

Hoover, of course, did not need special facilities. He had the building itself. It will be taller than the Justice Department Building, more expensive than the Rayburn, able to dominate the Pennsylvania Avenue (magical route of a single glance, and it will be named the J. Edgar Hoover Building after John Edgar Hoover, first Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the only man ever capable of convincing American people that such a \$4,541,000 filing range in the center of Washington, D.C. ■





## Elegance in the Summer Night

One aspect of an elegance that seemed to have all but vanished can be seen this summer in the increasing number of black dinner coats and even, if the occasion warrants it, of top hat, white tie, and tails. Above left: Fortrel-and-rayon tailcoat (\$106), vest (\$18), cotton piqué wing collar shirt (\$18) and tie (\$4). All are by After Six. Top hat from Herman's Formalewear. Above right: a single-breasted Dacron-and-wool evening suit with velvet collar and satin lapels (Hardy Amies for Lord West, \$175). Dresses in both photos by Rodriguez. Opposite page: single-breasted quilted-cotton evening jacket, signature buttons (\$199), gray wool denim pleated slacks (\$76), Oriental-pattern white-on-white silk shirt (\$66), all by Dimitri. Dress by Halston, jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane, girl's shoes by Herbert Levine.







## IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG

From the looks of things, it could have been that fascist of designers, Giorgio Armani, who designed the jeans shown on these two pages. Then we all Old Glory went ballistic and, as such, represent a changed attitude on the part of the young who, only a little while back, paraded pruned on their clothes. From far left: Her faded printed-cotton jeans (\$12). His faded blue jeans (\$9). His printed-cotton jeans (\$16). All three jeans by Maki; the "Vote" custom T-shirt by Mike Weber (\$6). Next, his blue jeans (Morris Rodenburgh, \$9). This page, printed cotton "lib" and "liba" jeans (McLiberty, \$18); screen-screen print custom T-shirt (Alfano, \$24); heavily-polar custom T-shirt (City Girl, \$7). The sneakers are by Adidas, the middle shoes by Bata, the "Vote" socks by Koppers.

Illustrated by Jean Paul Gault



# THE LITTLE MYSTERIES OF POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

by John O'Hara

Two stories written in the Forties and drawn from the work still unpublished at the time of O'Hara's death in 1970



## 1: At the Cothurnos Club

Although the Cothurnos Club was founded by actors, a limited number of writers and painters are taken in from time to time, and that is how I chance to be a member. It is the pleasantest of places; in the reading and writing rooms pit-a-drop quiet prevails, while in the bar and billiard room and dining room there is very little blather of a man's frothing luncheon. Especially is this true of the dining room where most of the members eat at a large round table. After I had been honored by admission to the club I took to lunching there nearly every day and that was how I happened to notice Mr. Cithernos. He always ate alone at a small table against the wall. He never seemed to speak to anyone, for surely the nod that he gave the men at the round table could not be taken as a greeting. A few days ago I asked Glen Kirby, who put me up for the club, to tell me about the recluse Mr. Cithernos. "Has he been a member long?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said Kirby. "About thirty years, I should say."

"But was he always like that? I don't see why a man like that joins a club, he's so antisocial."

Kirby smiled. "Maybe it's hard to believe, but up till about ten or twelve years ago George Cithernos was just the opposite of what you are today. Full of ideas. Witty. Here every day, down in the bar, drinking with the boys and so on."

"What does he do?" I asked.

"He paints, or did. He was what's comely called a fashionable portrait painter, and he made a lot of money, and while I don't think anyone could call George stingy, he took care of his money. He hasn't done anything in recent years. They probably why you're never heard of him."

"Vaguely I have," I said.

"He married Hope Westmore," said Kirby.

"Oh, of course," I said. "That's where I've heard of him. Hope Westmore's husband. She was one of my all-time favorite actresses. So that's George Cithernos. Are they still married?"

"Married, yes," said Kirby. "But of course—" Glen did not finish his sentence. His eyes turned sad. "I'll tell you about George."

"He wasn't exactly a practical joker, but he was something of the sort, especially with, well, someone like you, a new member. He'd find out all he could about you, and then before being introduced to you he'd discuss your work, whatever it was, in your bearing, and I may say the opinions he'd come out with would be devastating. He did it, of course, to get a rise out of new members. A cruel trick. What you younger fellows nowadays call a rib. He had several tricks like that. He also invented another one, with a new twist."

"He would join a group of fellows in the bar, all

old members except one. Everybody was in on the trick but the new member. George would be introduced and he'd be his most charming, affable self. Then slowly he would get the conversation around to the theater and he would say, 'What was the name of that actress a few years back. Terribly good actress. Beautiful. But drank herself out of every job she had.' And he'd pretend to rack his brains, trying to recall the name. The fellows who were in on the trick would also pretend to search their memories, and of course what would happen would be that the new member, trying to be helpful, would volunteer a name. Now George's point was that he never got the name wrong twice, or did very seldom.

"Well, I see you know what happened. You're right. One day we were down in the bar and there was a new member, a young fellow, and when George couldn't remember the actress' name the young fellow popped up with a name, and of course the name was Hope Westmore."

"Good Lord," I said. "What happened?"

"Well," said Glen Kirby, "there was a stillness that I thought would never end. You're seen for yourself. George is a powerfully built man and I've never seen anyone exercise such self-control. But he took a deep breath and said, 'Yes, yes, gentleman, I never got the same answer twice, and then he excused himself. As far as I know that's the last time George has been in the bar.'

"What about Hope Westmore? Was it true?" I said.

Kirby looked at me long and steadily. "I don't see that that makes the slightest difference," he said.

## 2: All I've Tried To Be

The building was not old as office buildings go. It had two stories and a small chisle and a directory of tenants that was ornamental as well as practical. Throughout the building there were Savage burglar-alarm stations, the kind that set off a signal at police headquarters if the night watchmen failed to make his stop at each station, every hour. After twenty years the building was still no worse than the second-highest in the town, and had been the best unimproved in the Masons had ever made. The ladies owned the building, but even without the members' efforts it would have averaged eighty-percent occupancy through the years. In a larger town, or in a great city, the building would not have attracted any attention. It was only twelve stories high and there was nothing about the architecture that would have frightened Faulkner or Ford. Nevertheless Miss Lapham, visiting the building for the first time, was favorably impressed. The brightness on the elevator doors and mail chute and directory had a nice patina and as she walked for one of the elevators she looked up at the marble ceiling, as one will while wait-

ing for an elevator, and she was sure that there was not a speck of dust in the ceiling corners. The man she was going to interview, Mr. Lewis C. Cramer, ran the building, she knew, and she admired the way he ran it.

The elevator operator was a girl who bore a very, very slight resemblance to Dorothy Lamour. "Three, please," said Miss Lapham.

"Right," said the girl. She seemed to be counting the time she waited, or possibly was silently going through a song. In any case she suddenly closed the elevator door, as though she had reached the end of a count or a song, and took Miss Lapham to the third floor. "Three out," she said. "If you're looking for Cramer, it's to your right and another right."

"Show'd you know I was looking for Cramer?" said Miss Lapham, with a smile.

The girl smiled back. "The other office on this floor are the dynamic company, and I didn't think you'd be in the market for dynamic."

"You're right, but I might be looking for a job or something."

"They only employ the one woman and she'll be here forever," said the girl. "All the rest are men."

"That ought to be interesting, being the only woman," said Miss Lapham.

"It's pretty interesting when you're going," said the girl, closing the elevator door.

Miss Lapham could not be sure whether the girl's manner indicated sport or scorn or disrespect toward Cramer. She went around to his door and knocked. "Come in," a man's voice rang out.

She entered a small reception room—er, office, which was unusually decorated by an old-fashioned oak fence, the kind more dear to country houses and parlors of the past. Beyond was a larger office, separated from the smaller by a wood-and-glass partition. The two rooms got the benefit of their furniture and decoration from the oak fence. At a quick glance Miss Lapham was almost sure that there was nothing in either room, including the typewriter in the anteroom, that was newer than the fifties. As she had observed earlier, the building was not remarkably old but was remarkably well cared for. But Mr. Cramer's office was of another day, and so was Mr. Cramer. It was his walking through the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and opening a door at random and discovering an abdominal operation being performed by a bearded man in a Frisco Albert.

Mr. Cramer was clean-shaven, except for a small mustache, and he wore an ordinary three-button sack suit, but he wore a heavy gold watch chain, with a miniature gold charm and an old-time large-size fastenest badge (his gray hair was parted in the middle). A rust-colored jacket with his cuffs, but not on his waist, and his stiff collar was cleaner than his shirt by



at least on a day's wear. He came around from behind her back to greet her. "This must be Miss Lapham," he said. "That's right," she said.

"I'm delighted to see you. Have a chair. I've just been getting things up . . ." He removed a pile of cardboard folders from a chair and fished it off with a rumpled handkerchief. The chair was on one side of the desk, which was roll-topped and so crowded with papers that there was scarcely room for the outlandishly modern article, the telephone. "I was just signing some letters," he said. "My secretary only comes in on the morning." He cleared his throat.

"Go right ahead," she said.

He took an extraordinarily long time reading each letter, frowning and clearing his throat and apparently having trouble concentrating on the correspondence. Miss Lapham looked at her. Besides the desk and chair there was a large glass table on which were stacks of papers of assorted sizes, several piles of cardboard letter files on the composition floor (there was only one small green rug on the floor, under her feet), two wicker chairs, a black tufted-leather sofa with a Saxgo blanket folded in a corner, an old filing cabinet with some of the cable written on and some not, and a small side with a letterpress on top. The room also a pistol sharpener screwed into the wall, and quite naked without the covering that is intended to hold the vermicular pencil holder, a clock protruder under the gipsyish compartments of the desk, a rumpled leather shoebox case under the sofa, a man's pair of rubbers, also under the sofa, several rubber-tire ashtrays, two unused toilet pads for 1947 and 1948, which advertised the neighboring dynamic company, four blackened silver loving cups with crossed battle-axes on two of them, a battery lamp, valuable for camping, lighting the lamp, and countless other uses, and a large silver-plated urinal and tray and three Coca-Cola glasses on the plain-topped table. There were Venetian blinds on the three windows and the window glass was sparsely clean.

"Miss Lapham," said Mr. Croswell, nodding to his letters. He had been standing; now he sat down on the oval chair. "This office, we've been so . . . I don't see how we ever got anything . . . I'm sorry, Miss Lapham. Do you smile?"

"I have none."

"Here. Try a—have you ever tried one of these?" They're Patinas. No gold top, but first quality. That's the slogan . . . Now then, the Standard wants some help from me. Is that correct? Did you just start there?"

"I started Monday."

"And you're done?"

"Originally Cleveland, Ohio, but more recently New York."

"Is that so?" Well, I imagine a writer can get a lot of experience working on a paper like this. Standard I happen to believe is the country editor, too, you know. He scratched his head behind his ear. "When-ever one of the younger chaps comes in to see for advice, I tell them they ought to practice in a small town first, before specializing. Now what was it you wanted to know exactly?"

"Well, sort of my job, at least till I learn my way around. I'm supposed to go back in the time and write the thirty-year-old and twenty-year-old-essay stuff. I guess you've read these."

"I certainly never read them. I'm in them so often. One or the other."

"Well, somehow I see in this photograph and asked why we didn't run it, but the only trouble was they

didn't need the names of the people in the picture. Mr. Parnas said he recognized you, but you were the only one."

"Who's Mr. Parnas?"

"Who's the composition-room foreman."

"Oh, John Parnas. John, of course. The printer. Is that what he is? Composition foreman?" Mr. Croswell nodded. "The man has going to work to do and for all these years, and I never knew exactly what he did. Well, let me have a look at the picture."

Mr. Croswell held the photograph and he immediately smiled. "Oh, my my. Now I wonder who on earth sent you this. That's me, all right. I can give you the names right off the reel. There's m'self, with the cap in my hand."

"Can you give them to me left to right?"

"Very well. This short fellow, that's Harry Crowell."

"Harry H. Crowell, of the Keystone National?"

"Harry Crowell. Correct. Next to him is Sam Rogers. That's Samuel T. Rogers, the lawyer. Then myself. Lewis C. Croswell. Then Van Vandergrift. He's living in Philadelphia. Theodore P. Vandergrift, retired now, but formerly with Union Carbide. Very well-do. Very well-do. Arthur Schneider. He was killed at I think it was Belleau Wood. With the Marines. I know."

"William Wood?" said Miss Lapham.

"Oh, this picture's over thirty years old. This was taken before the First War. You can't put this with your thirty-overage. A lot of people would know right away. This was the dear old Charlie Watkins, my double partner for years. You'll see his name on some of those freckles over there. Charlie lived in New York City, and I'm sure if you were in the newspaper game there you've heard of Charlie. Charles W. Watkins. He has a house on East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City, and a large empty place at Annapolis, Long Island, where I've started him many, many times."

"Charles W. Watkins. What does he do?"

"Oh, Wall Street. He's in all kinds of activities in the banking world, and still owns property here in town that I handle for him. Was there a letter with this picture?" I wonder who sent it?"

"An enormous letter, that's all."

"And on top of the handwriting, would you suppose?" "I couldn't tell. It was printed. If it just said 'I think many of your readers will be interested in this old photograph of prominent local citizens,' or something to that effect. It was a nice note."

"I don't remember the picture at all. I don't remember who took it or why, but of course I know where it was taken at the old Tennis Club. This was our old team. Charlie played first man and he and I were the first doubles team. We beat all the good teams in this part of the state. In those days they didn't have as many country clubs, golf courses that it, but every one had and it was a treat to play. Let me see."

Charlie played at Yale. Howard at Princeton. Sam at Harvard. Van wasn't on the team at Lehigh, but he played a lot. Arthur Schneider at Princeton, not on the team, and I played on the team at Lafayette. I guess there weren't many better club teams in the whole east, when you think of it. The team that I saw could beat at so many vanity players." And we had a ladder, you know. We weren't always one of your place on the team, just because you made it once. We were always challenging each other, taking each other down a peg, so to speak."

"Did you have a name for your team?"

"Well, just the Glensville Lawn Tennis Club team. We always traveled by motor. (Continued on page 142)

## THE NEW AMERICAN COUNTRY CLUB

by Hubbard Cobb

*Exclusively now costs \$50,000, but includes hunting, skiing, golfing, a tax shelter and a place to make yourself a cup of chicken soup*



The country club has moved from the top of the suburbs to the wilds (this is San Diego on the Pacific-western cliffs), and instead of a clubhouse, the new concept is a complex of condominiums.

**N**ot long ago, the American country club was the only game in town—at least the only one that reached of any significance. If you wanted to mix social life with active sports, it was either join the country club and play tennis and golf or join the Y.M.C.A. and play basketball. Most Americans did not need P. Scott Fitzgerald or John O'Hara to spell out the difference for them. Just today the social hegemony of the country club is being threatened by a new alternative known as the vacation condominium. This is an arrangement whereby apartments or town houses are constructed on the grounds of a developed recreational area, located often in a remote wilderness site. People don't just join the vacation condominiums, they buy in, and as a result the experience for them is something like the traveling in a resort hotel and owning one's rooms instead of renting them.

These condominiums represent America's newest building boom, with three hundred complexes either finished or under construction. They range in size from Mölkendorf in Aspen, which has twenty residential units, to Kapala Bay on the island of Maui in Hawaii, which will eventually have more than a thousand. The National Home Builders' Association estimates that two hundred thousand Americans are involved in this new concept of leisure activity.

Condominiums serve admirably the needs of people who have money and who yearn for business more distant and more exotic than those that can be reached in a country-club golf cart. The old-fashioned country club, after all, was attended in the salubrious society and to a time when life moved like a Yo-Yo between the city apartment and the country place (with the adjacent country club) just a few miles out of town. The



## SEA RANCH

Sea Ranch is what it says: a ranch, or a reasonable facsimile. By the way, for those who like to ride, both horses and waves. Condominium clusters are being constructed on the steep slopes ending in

domestic drifts at the Pacific edge. Even until is to have a view of the coastline. Sea Ranch offers a swimming pool and tennis bar on main terrace. (See also page and view—a coffee to read. (Lower Beach)



**Background:** In 1995-10 units designed by Moore London Timberlake Whitaker were built and sold in 1997, another 54 condominium units were designed by Macaulay/Whiteaker. Four of these units were completed early this year. Other condominium units designed by other architects are planned for the future. **See:** *North Shore* (see below) for full version in architecture/interior design section. **Links:** 700 planned



**Price:** \$55,000 average monthly mortgage charge not yet set. **Location:** Built on 5280 acres near Minneapolis, Columbia, some 110 miles north of San Francisco. It has its own airfield. **Year:** Planned by the

developer Oceanic Properties Inc., subsidiary of Cresto & Cook of Miami, who have been in the area since 1965. But as each Sea Ranch land unit is completed it is turned over to its owners to manage.



**Rules:** There is no mandatory rental goal stipulated and the management will attempt to limit the condominium and provide housekeeping if requested. **Special Features:** To shield condominium dwellers from the strong prevailing northwest wind, the architect plan keeps 24-foot cubic sun rounded by glass bays so that one can enjoy the view while still suffering the glass bays until have a special wall to shield against the wind.



The country club was the creation of a society where at least the wealthy employed fairly homogeneous tastes. The country club was a place to sports. Everyone bowed to the tyranny of the golf-tennis elite. Condo-skiing came along when people's taste in recreation became more eclectic. The new playground after everything from snow-skiing, back-country skiing and surfing to scuba-diving, hunting, fly fishing, and water-skiing, was a shedding and swimming in a hot tub. Many specialize in one sport or another, fishing, for instance, at Hooper Park Ranch in Colorado, or skiing at North Peak, in Vermont. One condominium, Kane Springs in northern Arizona, specializes in simply having six people in a house, with a swimming pool, a hot tub, and a fireplace.

is built around a luxury health spa, featuring a whirlpool, sauna, desert-dry-heat room, massage, and a health-food restaurant.

Like the old country clubs, the new condominiums offer a chance to escape the mob. Remote locations help, but the Desert Island condominium at Cathedral City near Palm Springs goes farther and will protect its owners by a moat. Desert Island is being developed on a man-made island in the middle of a twenty-five-acre man-made lake. There will be only one entrance across a causeway.

Such exclusivity is expensive, of course, and the suits illustrated on these pages range in price from about \$300,000 to over \$900,000. In exchange for his money, a purchaser gets a deed to his own residential suite, although the actual ground on which the suite is situated, together with the recreational facilities, are

## SEA PINES PLANTATION

The South is an island unto itself. Sea Pines is located on an island within P-11 Island. It is being developed on Hilton Head Island just off the coast of South Carolina. It attempts to give guests an Old South feel.

given atmosphere, but the take-home is not cotton. The key is scotch and, of course, taking it easy in Southern fashion, with towels, water sports and the good ol'ies that host the Heilige Classic.



**Team:** The head of the team is Overton Frazier who began developing his 2000-acre plot in 1957. He is 76, has two sons and has made \$20,000-\$30 in the last five years. Condominiums are only one of his projects. He has also built many single-family homes on the island. He was profiled last year in *The New Yorker*. The original planned name: David Dawson DeMaye Associates of Boston, Mass.



**Price:** From \$18,080 for an efficiency to \$125,000 for a four-bedroom condominium. Maintenance charges run about \$55 to \$85 a month.

**Location:** A 5,000-acre site on Highway 1640. The island is 45 miles from the Savannah Airport and connected to the mainland by a bridge. There is also an airport for private planes.

**Units:** Those hunched if it should be ready by Labor Day with 7,000 more to come.

[illegible]



## NOTCH BROOK

When you think of Vermont you probably think of skiing, but one developer would like to make people start thinking of Buena Vista Inn and golf Moosh Brook, a state-of-the-art 18-hole resort with an

It's fun to become something more: a three-season resort. The fourth season, spring, is too risky for fun. The nearest ski areas are Spruce Peak and Mount Mansfield. It is a good place to read *Wandering Aul*.



**Price:** Condominiums range from \$38,000 to \$77,000 with carrying charges of from \$30 to \$65 a month. **Location:** Aloha Driv is 45 minutes from Hialeah and 15 minutes from Hialeah and 15 minutes from Hialeah and 15 minutes from Hialeah.

miles into the Village of Snow. It lies on a rising wooded hillside just off Route 160 with a view of Mount Mansfield State Forest, Smuggler's Hold and the Adirondack Park.



**Texas:** Hatch Brook is being built, developed and managed by the Shumway Realty Corp., a Worcester firm that has never managed anything outside before. The president of Shumway Realty is Charles L. Shumway, who lives in Hatch Brook and is a certified realtor. They have already developed 46 residential lots in the area. **WMAZ** File completed by July 1.

This is usually done through something called a rental pool, which runs for part of the end of the year and part of the year for an entire community's complete services. Costs deducted, and the profit, if any, divided among the owners. Because the IRS allows landlords to deduct depreciation on rental properties, owners also can expect to save on their income taxes. Condominiums which participate in a rental pool also are considered to be part of an ongoing rental operation whether or not they are actually occupied. This means that an owner can deduct depreciation for all the time he is not actually staying in his unit himself.

In the perfect randomization, money would come pouring in from all three of these pipelines, but in practice one or more of the pipes has often proved a dry well.

The trials of Treasure Mountain Inn, the first re-

**Special Features:** There will be a heated pool, sauna, changing rooms, putting green, and tennis courts. A par-72 golf course is nearby. And though of course there is an 18th sleeping, The condominiums are being constructed of precast reinforced concrete floors and ceilings with accessory park walls between each town house. All utility lines will be set of sight underground a foot in the M. St. below.



**Facts:** Owners may sign a three-party rental pool agreement but there is no requirement to do so. Those who do sign are limited to 20 days occupancy of their condominiums during the winter season and another 20 days during the summer season. During the off season, owners can stay as long as they like, but no maid service is available then. If you join the rental pool you must pay the standard fee.



part consideration, ever to institute a rental plan. Illustrate the uncertainty of big payoffs. The developers chose Park City, Utah, a small town that had once been a flourishing site. Little sold very fast, and the developers were stuck with a lot of rich, very expensive land. The first year the occupancy rate was 10 percent. If the hotel had been traditionally financed, Park City would have reverted to its former gladiators that first year. Condominium owners had to chip in between \$200,000 and \$250,000 a year to pay the interest on the \$2 million in debt. The developers' response? (It should be noted that it is not a rental plan aimed at getting them out of the business.) Then at the end of the year, there was more bad news. Each Treasurer Mountain has condominium owner had to pay a special assessment of \$500 to \$800 to pay the interest on the debt. The occupancy rate had been creeping up, therefore, the

## CAMELBACK INN

The Camelback Inn is a place in the sun. The inn was designed for people who enjoy endless summers and big hotel ambience. Built on the Arizona desert, the inn provides a wide variety of sun spots.



surf on a per 72 course tennis on lighted courts swimming in two year-round pools. One nearby lake even has an artificial wave-maker so that you can surf in the desert 600 miles from the nearest ocean.



**Price:** Fully furnished condos in Miami sell for from \$300,000 to \$220,000 with a \$300,000 and a \$250,000 suite still on the drawing board. **Location:** A 57-acre tract 5 miles from Scottsdale and 10 miles from Phoenix. **Team:** Clearbrook Inc. is a good example of a condominium run by a big hotel chain—in this case the Marriott Corp. They proved a profit of eight percent for owners in the initial pool, which is one of the highest.



**Background:** The Camelback Inn is the first existing resort hotel in the U.S. to be converted into condominiums with a rental pool arrangement. It dates from the 1930's. Marriott bought the inn in 1987 and has



cost the second year, twenty-one percent the fourth year, twenty-five percent last year.

Standards of condominium complexes have since joined the Treasury Mainstay has operation and most of them have had rather disappointing company results at the beginning. Very few have reached a net profit on the operational level until they become much better known. So in practice, if not by design, many rental pools are currently being run for the depreciation write-off rather than for actual rental income.

Many who bought condominiums hoping for an appreciation bonanza have also been disappointed to one degree or another. It is still too early to tell, however, whether big profits or big losses will result from resales in the long run. Units at the Silver Skis Chalet, one of the original resort condominiums, sold for \$3,000 to \$16,000 in the beginning and a year later were as

selling for a hundred percent more. But units at the Treasure Mountain Inn are just beginning to appreciate.

3419. The transfer of ownership in condominiums has not been great. Many owners may have expected to make more than they have, but even if they have been disappointed they have not been disappointed to the point of wanting to get out altogether. Perhaps that is because they realize that if their condominium makes them anything at all it will be more of a bargain than most ordinary vacation homes. Most vacation homes are simply economic deadweights which are costing their owners added real-estate taxes rather than acting as a shelter for income. The essential difference between a normal vacation home and a condominium—for its purposes—has to do with the depreciation write-off. The owner of a condominium is a rental prop-

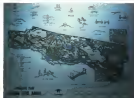






## ROARING FORK RANCH

The Roaring Fork Ranch retains much of its original wild and working ranch feel, but the small attention for itself covers a considerable area. It is the best of both worlds. Last year the Roaring Fork Ranch listed the national fly-fishing competition. **Price:** About \$25,000 with maintenance charges of about \$10 a month. **Location:** On a 200-acre ranch in the hills near Aspen and 100 miles from Grand Junction in Colorado. **Team:** Roaring Fork is being developed and managed by Jacobson Development, L.P., Jacobson is a former president of Del E. Webb Corp., so he has good contacts which he will apply to condominiums.



**Units:** The ranch is now surrounded by cattle and horses but no residents since none of its 200 planned condominiums has been completed. **Special Features:** 14 lakes

and 4 miles of private riding with an estimated 100,000 trout. Roaring Fork River runs along one side of the property. **Rules:** 60 days this fall season in the rental pool.

## KAPALUA BAY

For those who like to go down in the sea with a golf club, it is always wanted a little grass track in Hawaii perhaps you will need for a little more

in a big hotel instead. The Kapalua Bay Hotel with its 10-acre golf course—now only in the planning stage—will be located on the island of Maui.



**Background:** The rental pool hotel is being developed by the Maui Land & Pineapple Co. which dates back to 1929 and runs two pineapple plantations.

The company will start with a 100-room complex which will be expanded to 250 units. Sales begin this summer for occupancy beginning in 1974.

four permits among conservationists that condominiums will seriously scar what unspoiled land remains in America. The second is that the suburbs are moving into the wilds, and the fear is that too many condominiums could turn the wilds into suburbs.

Despite this and the less-than-glowing financial returns, most evidence seems to indicate that the condominium boom is just getting started. A number of imaginative projects are in store. Developers plan a condominium called Hawkside in Wisconsin, Vermont, where skiers will be able to ski directly to and from their front doors. At Lake Tahoe, a condominium known as Alpine Place has come up with a unique solution to the twelve-foot snowdrifts that bury skiers' cars in that area: they have installed a heated parking lot. There are two parking lots at Timberline outside Hayward, Wisconsin, but one of them is only for planes:

you can fly your private aircraft to the front door of the central facility and be directed to a tow-rope, which will be your parking place while you are there.

As an added attraction, several condominiums already have built or plan to start their own exclusive clubs. The Kapalua Bay condominium, being developed on Maui island in Hawaii, plans to build a private beach club; all owners are members. Steamboats in Colorado is also organizing its own adjacent club with automatic membership for owners. One hypothesis is explanation of this final flip comes from a veteran observer of the real-estate scene and is as follows:

"This condominium thing is great as far as it goes, I agree, but who wants to ask someone to have a few drinks down at the condominium? The only trouble with the whole idea is that the desired word is too awkward to say." ■



**On a January day in 1956 this Indian named Kimo was a member of a raiding party that speared to death a group of American missionaries in the Amazon jungle. Now Kimo is a Christian pastor who preaches the word of God to his jungle tribesmen. He was "saved" by...**



**Rachel Saint. On an October day in 1958 Miss Saint, the sister of one of the martyred missionaries, went back into the jungle to convert her brother's executioners. She brought the Indians Christianity and the germs of civilization. Some of the germs were deadly.**

In the beginning, there was a "multimedia presentation." That is how it is described by the Wildlife Conservation Society, not in together. That is, a presentation of the "faking color slides and motion pictures to the accompaniment of stereo sound, all relating the history of Rhode Island." It was designed so that it could be used by any school or organization. The only, however, by one of the radio.

Giants, still a bit uncomfortable in his new clothes, arose, grinning broadly, and with Rachel Escrib serving as interpreter he offered his testimony. He told of how he had lived as a killer and how he had changed since Jesus had come into his heart. He exhorted the young to obey their parents and live according to God's teachings. The other Anas also testified: Kimo, another of the killers of the two witnesses,



areas, now the pastor of the Auca church, and his wife Dawa, one of the foremost Auca Christian leaders. The best shapely priestess could not have put together a better package.

For the Aucas, the tour was quite an experience. They had trouble adjusting to the strange ways of American life—the food, the beds, the whole works. The pace of the tour was too hectic. They grew weary and longed for the simpler ways of the jungle. Dawa, who had to get four new front teeth installed before she would appear in public, got sick. Ximo had seen it all before when he had stopped in the United States for a couple of

weeks on his way to Berlin with Rachel Saint to attend a world conference on evangelism, so he was not so affected as the others. But for Gikita, who had never before been out of the jungle, it was bewildering. Not so many years ago, he had believed, as did all Aucas, that Aucas were the only real people, and that the world ended on the other side of the Napo River, where, as it was obvious to anybody who could see, the sky touched the earth. So this Stone Age man from a blowgun culture was suddenly plucked down in the middle of Chicago in a new suit and a new pair of shoes, and he simply couldn't get over it. It was crazy. All those big build-

ings, and cars. And moon signs. And everything darting this way and that. And all those people. Where on earth did they grow their yucca in all this concrete and asphalt? Where did they hunt for monkeys and toucans? How did they eat? But the thing that Gikita marvelled at most was TV. Especially the Saturday-morning cartoons. He really couldn't get over the cartoons. He watched them with great enthusiasm. And he laughed and laughed.

For Sawyer, who had taken to the half-bottom and long hair of Aquatic youth, the trip was a disappointment. Sawyer is twenty-one and he would like to live in the United States, because there is so much to do, and because . . . well, he likes American girls. He did live here for a while when he was a little boy. His mother is Dayana, the woman who became the first Aucas Christian and provided entry to the tribe for Rachel Saint. Dayana had come to the United States on furlough with Rachel Saint back in 1967 and had ended up staying a year. Sawyer was brought to be with her. He had not been back to the States since he was eight, however, and he was really looking forward to the trip. But months later, back in Ecuador, he shook his head and said he would never go again if it had to be an another tour like that one.

"One was enough for me," he said. "Too hard. When you go to another country, you want to see lot of different things, you know? All I got to see was interviews, the television and radio stations, the newspapers, and the churches. Every day was just interviews. I had two months just full with schedule, you know."

**R**achel Saint was born in Pennsylvania. Her parents had met at an Italian museum in Philadelphia, where they had both gone to school. Her mother was a Wellesley graduate who had recently faced the Lord, and her father was an art student who had trouble deciding whether he wanted to be an artist or a preacher; he compromised and decided to design stained-glass windows for churches. When they married, they asked the Lord to let them have one child who would become a minister. They got their preacher—and two missionaries thrown in for good measure.

Rachel was saved when she was fifteen. At eighteen, she went to Europe with a wealthy woman



**CHRISTIAN CHILD:** Miss Saint has brought clothes and God to these young Aucas. Clothes come by plane, something else which is new.



**WILD CHILD:** This Aucas mother and her three children still inhabit the jungle dressed only in beads.





**ONE KILLER:** The Aca above with his blowgun still lives in the jungle, hunting animals and other Acaas.

whose husband was sponsoring her father's work designing the stained-glass windows for the Washington Cathedral. That trip proved to be a significant event in her life. "I saw what wealth and security had to offer," she says. "I found it a pretty rapid ascension, really." It was near the end of the trip, on the first-class deck of the liner Aquitania, as the Statue of Liberty rose into view, that she fell on her knees and made a pact with Jesus: she would devote her life to saving him.

She went to Bible college, and after that she took a job in a New Jersey colony for alcoholics, where she worked for twelve years. Trying out alcohol was okay, but Rachel Saint knew that there were people in the world who were dying without ever having heard of Jesus, and she felt compelled to do what she could to save them from a certain trip to hell. And so at thirty-five, too old some told her to face the rigors of missionary life, she joined Wycliffe Bible Translators. She spent eleven weeks studying Spanish and syntax at Wycliffe's Summer Institute of Linguistics at the University of Oklahoma, then graduated to Wycliffe's jungle-training camp in Mexico. In 1948, she was off to her first assignment among a jungle tribe in Peru. On her way, she stopped in Ecuador to visit her brother Nate, who was a jungle pilot for the Missionary Aviation Fellowship (M.A.F.), serving all of the remote missionary outposts in the Ecuadorian jungle. It was Nate who told her of the Acaas.

At the time, the Acaas were almost a mythical people. Nobody in the so-called civilized world knew

much about them. Only that they were called savages who wore big plugs of latex in their ears. And carried big spears. And that they controlled a vast area of the jungle between the Napo and Vilasis rivers, beyond the Curaray. Most people gave them wide berth. For good reason. No outsider had successfully invaded their territory for very long. Those who did came away—if they came away at all—with appendages the human body was not designed to accommodate, namely: six-foot, multiple-barbed, chocolate Aca spears. Over the years the Acaas had taken quite a toll of outsiders, although nobody has ever really made an accurate accounting. It was never, by any means, a one-sided thing, of course. Many an Aca had died from the fire-wicks of the foreigners. But the Acaas had gained their spears and their wife against firearms and had done very well. Some of the non-questers are believed to have fallen to Aca spears in the sixteenth century, so did some of the French missionaries who fanned out into the jungle a century later. In the nineteenth century, the rubber hunters came, treacherous men who misled Indian villages, kidnapping and killing. The Acaas did not take kindly to this. The rubber hunters made them become even more wary of outsiders, all of whom were believed to be people eaters. Other foreign seekers also came, so did explorers and adventurers, to kill and die. Oil people came in the twentieth century. Shell Oil Company prospected near Aca territory in the Forties and lost many employees to Aca spears. The Acaas also

made periodic raids on the hacienda owners and deced Quichua Indians who lived on the fringes of their territory, killing the men and sometimes capturing the women and girls. The very word Aca was enough to set a Quichua trembling.

So in 1948, any missionary worthy of the title who had ever heard of the Acaas was sticking to be the first to deliver these notorious killers into the fold. The feat would certainly be worth an added star in one's heavenly crown. But none had yet dared attempt it.

Rachel Saint was intrigued by the Acaas. Her brother had shown over their territory, but generally he skirted it because a forced landing would mean almost certain death, and he considered his work too important to chance it. But as he told his sister what he knew about the Acaas, she realized that these were the people to whom she had been called.

"I knew that the Lord wanted me in a tribe where no one else had ever gone," she says. "This was very clear to me. . . . This was the way I was being led."

But no Wycliffe missionaries were yet working in Ecuador, and her assignment was in Peru, where she worked first with Piru Indians, and then with the headhunting Shapenas. It would be five years before she would get back to Ecuador to get her chance at the Acaas, but she knew she would be back.

Early in 1955, she was back. She found an Aca woman who had led the tribe eight years earlier as a teen-ager, after her father and other family members were spared to death. The woman was Dayuma, and she was living and working at a jungle hacienda on the western edge of Aca territory. Dayuma had married a Quichua man and had two children. But a malaria epidemic hit and killed her husband and youngest baby. She and Yram to II survived it.

Rachel Saint and a co-worker, Catherine Peeke, went to the hacienda to live so that they could begin learning the Aca language from Dayuma. It was slow going, for Dayuma could only work with them after she had finished her toil in the fields of sugarcane and bananas and yuca. But gradually Rachel Saint learned enough Aca so that she could begin to understand the stories that Dayuma told about her life in the tribe, and she began to learn a great deal about the Acaas, probably more than any outsider had ever known. What she learned was that although the Aca-



**TWO KILLERS:** Dywui, standing, helped spear to death five martyrs. The boy in the wheelchair is a victim of polio brought by the outside world.











**FRANKLY, MY DEAR,  
IF IT'S BOURBON,  
I DO GIVE A DAMN!**

Down in Elkhart, another country before air conditioning and radio, they used to cut the pain of hot afternoons with slow sips of the South's own supreme creation, Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey. It was a good idea. Bourbon has the strength of character to withstand heat, warts of fat, even Coke, and still retain its vibrant whiskey taste. Straight bourbon isn't dry, light or bland. It's the perfect drink. And at this time that America has lost its

capacity for full-bodied flavor, bourbon goes very well with ginger ale, or "sweet soda," as they say locally. Make this as shown at left above: 2 ounces bourbon over ice in large old-fashioned glass. Fill with ginger ale. Other delectable drinks include The Summer Saver (shut from left): 1 ounce fresh lemon juice, 1 tsp. superfine sugar, 2 ounces bourbon (shut in crushed ice and pour over ice cubes; add splash of club soda, half slice of orange. The Sweet 100%

from left: 2 ounces bourbon, 1 ounce Triple Sec, 1/2 ounce lemon juice over ice in tall glass; fill with fresh orange juice, stir. Last 2 ounces ginger ale on top. The Cranbourbon (shut from left): 2 ounces bourbon, dash of bitters, 1/2 ounce lemon juice, 1 tsp. sugar (shut with ice and pour over cubes; fill with cranberry juice and stir garnish with lemon. The Mint Julep (shut from left): 1 ounce bourbon, 1/2 ounce mint syrup, 1/2 ounce lemon juice (shut in crushed ice and pour over ice cubes; add splash of club soda, half slice of orange. The Sweet 100%

The Homebound in Hot Springs, Virginia, he only a dozen or so hours of fresh mint and muddle them with 1 tsp. simple syrup—much more hard and long to a muddle, rubbing them to a pulp, put in bottom of tall glass and add 2 ounces bourbon. Fill glass with crushed ice; stir vigorously, causing frost to form on glass; add 1/2 ounce bourbon and garnish with sprig of mint. Add crushed orange glass, add straw. At The Greenbrier in White Sulphur

Spring, West Virginia, they put mint juleps in silver cups (at right). Mint is crushed with granulated sugar and a bit of shaved ice and left to "set" for two days in the refrigerator; then 2 ounces of bourbon are added over crushed ice; the mint garnish is sprinkled with confectioner's sugar. The drink named from left is complicated but worth it: it was a prize for the Italian bartender who invented it specially for a cocktail competition in

Tokyo and named it for his wife Lena. Four together: 2 ounces bourbon, 1/2 ounce sweet vermouth, and 2 1/2 ounces each of dry vermouth, Campari and Galliano. Stir very well with ice and serve straight up with a cherry in a chilled cocktail glass. This may seem like a superior Manhattan or like something you'd best bourbon drinks are simple ones, but in either case it proves how well the flavor of bourbon can hold up against the competition.





**TO SWIM IN  
AS WELL AS  
TO SUN IN**

There are two kinds of bathing trunks, those designed for them and those made for sport, like the ones worn here by members of Cardinal Hayes High in New York during a swimming session under N.Y.C. coach Salvatore Varallo. This summer, after slipping a little in popularity, these streamlined models will be back on the benches. At the left, Lou De Wieg (left in Janney's stretch nylon trunks (\$7).

Photographed by  
Michael Newman



Below (shown in my  
low-racing trunks)  
display suit  
another of the  
patriotic motifs  
(Jantzen, \$4).



Shown (shown in an-  
other red, white,  
and blue, this one  
a mono-print trend  
(Sears of Ro-  
chester, \$13).



Jon Janney in-  
spired Bob  
Dylan's red,  
white, and blue  
stretch nylon  
trunks (\$18).





# A Living Legend, Rated R

by Roger Ebert

*Making it at eighty-one (an unlikely story)*

## I. Tuesday afternoon at Le Bistro, a restaurant in Beverly Hills

Groucho Marx was wearing blue jeans, Bush Poppas, a brown sport shirt buttoned at the neck, an ancient tweed sport jacket, a cap, and a perogie-and-salt overcoat. He peered into the gloom of Le Bistro, seeking out familiar faces while a young lady introduced herself to me: "My name is Ruth Fleming. I'm Mr. Marx's secretary."

"A likely story," Groucho said. He led the way up the stairs to the second floor. "I always sit in the second floor here," he said. "It's closer to the men's room. *Esquire* isn't my favorite magazine, you know. Interviews are really terrible. They keep asking you questions. I could be brought up on a rape charge. I don't need a hush-hush job, if it's terrible! . . . could you file a rape charge on me? Could you try? I'd appreciate it. You don't do any dental work, do you? I have to go to the dentist before I go to France."

The son fell lightly into the upper room, which was less crowded than the fashionable downstairs. There was a Paris motif of brass and mirrors and dark narrow spaces. The tables were occupied mostly by ladies, in twos and threes and fours.

"Look at that, will you?" Groucho said. "Broad on screen. It's disgusting the money they're probably spending."

We sat at a wall table opposite the bar.

"They have the world's best cheesecake in this place," Groucho announced. "Believe me, I've had cheesecake all over, and this is the best cheesecake I've had. You know Miss Fleming here? She's an actress. She's Jane Shaw. She's even done Shakespeare. She's in the new Woody Allen movie. They say Allen got something from the Marx Brothers. He got nothing. Maybe twenty years ago, he might have been inspired. Today he's an original. The best, the funniest. Waiter!"

The waiter approached.

"How would you approve the cheesecake situation?" Groucho asked.

"Very nice, sir," the waiter said.

"Don't change the subject. And bring perogie-perogie. I want a lot of perogie-perogie! Not *Caesar*. This place has the greatest perogie-perogie! And cheesecake. The picture is rated R that she's in, the Allen picture. I think it's very dirty. It might even be silly."

"But that's only to me. I'm really a prude. I don't like dirty comedy. She showed me some of the script, and I was horrified just reading it. She does things as if I've never been able to persuade her to do in the privacy of my own home."

"Grouch!" Erin said.

"So anyway, as I was already saying, I'm going to the Cannes Film Festival. I'm going to be honored by the French Government, they're going to make me a *Cannes-man*. For a while I thought it was canceled. I hoped so."

"Grouch, you know they've planned this whole party all around you." Erin said.

"No, they're showing films from all over the world," Groucho said. "It's an international event."

"But you're the big one, baby."

"A cup of hot soup and the steak, then," Groucho told the waiter.

"Very good, sir. The steak tartare."

"That's right, the steak tartare. And those cheesecakes. Lindy's, in New York, they used to talk about the cheesecake there. If they don't have it here today I'll kill myself. If you take one kid, I'll kill you. . . a piece of cheesecake here should cost a hundred bucks. What we should really do is order it now."

"I'll wrap mine up and you can eat it for dinner tonight," Erin said.

"It's worth taking home more than any bread in this place is worth taking home. . . This is going on the cover of *Esquire*. I was on the cover of *Harper's* once, all by myself. And I was on the cover of *Newsweek*. I was on the cover of *Time* twice—once by myself and once with my brother-in-law. Christ, it is cold in here. I should've ordered steak."







### July Future

## Books

## Theatre

## FIGURE 3.17















group and agreed to teach them the new mass. Still, some positions are expected as the outnumbered Christians become even more outnumbered. The conversion rate is not as fast as it was when Rachel Smith first came to the tribe.

"The Christians are standing firm," she says. "The ones that feel by the spirit have fallen. The rest are just afraid for the day, so to speak."

Are more killings likely?  
"The only real fear that you can be that the Christians have stopped is from the Twana Christians. They're not going to spare their enemies, they're going to die first. They say so and they know it. And I don't believe in the cost... For these Awa Christians, the name of Christianity is being a martyr for the Lord, if need be. They believe in the good, though. I've seen giving their lives for them and they think that this is the norm of Christianity. And I think God thinks it's the norm, but the rest of us aren't going to start about it." She chuckles. "This is to me the miracle of the translated word. There's something very wonderful about people who have never lived this way but have gone full circle to the point where they will risk their lives to keep these sacred mountains within the word of the gospel, to give their lives a chance at a new life, too. To me it's pretty thrilling."

Even though the Awas are being spared out of the way of most of the oil fields, the oil people still need cause more trouble. For they are planning to sink wells inside the reservation, too. One of their best wells, they say, may be directly under Rachel Smith's house.

"What the owner will be if it will come to that day is not sure," she says. "I don't know. You can expect up to a certain point, but... what happens when this comes, I don't know."

Rachel Smith sees it as "an example of a miracle" that the Awas have co-existed with the oil teams as well as they have. (The oil companies say publicly that they have had only one case in Awa space since 1984, but it is rumored there have been more.) Rachel has an oil-company radio on her bench and keeps close tabs on it whenever near the Awas.

"We've worked hard on this investment," she says. "It's been a long, long time. What we tend to do was work ahead of the oil companies to prepare the people, and on one trip to prepare the people, we had to go to the court. We had to work both ways. I mean, they have a tendency to say, 'A handful of Awas are out there, what difference does it make?'"

I asked about the hoped-for indemnity that Billie had mentioned. Did she think the Awas would get anything for the oil that will be taken from their land?

"They'll lose a lot, but they won't get anything."  
"How do you feel about the oil?" I asked.

"I think for Ecuador it's a wonderful thing."

And for the Awas?  
"The most I can say good about it is

that it has forced us all into contact [with the rest of the Awas] long before we would have had the courage to tackle it, especially after the first. The best-on-the-people was so horrible that we never, any of us, would have had the courage to attempt any such thing again, except for the first, that those people knew their enemies would kill. The oil-company people, and they wanted to protect the oil people. They also knew that the children would kill their people, and that they would die from the various diseases brought in, plus wanting all along to teach them about the Lord. So if you look at the silver picture," she says with a laugh, "maybe oil has done us a big favor. I will say, too, that the companies have been very cooperative, especially when it was to their advantage."

The new housebuilders flocking to the jungle as oil opens the way will no doubt be another source of trouble. Some had settled in the outer reaches of the Awa reservation, but were forced out.

"The government has stood with us as far and beyond the settlers out," says Rachel Smith. "We've got all these kids here now and we can't have settlers living with them, because it isn't safe. I mean, if these settlers, if the people come in and take that land that Deyana and the others have said, 'This is our land and nobody is going to bother you here,' and then if they come out looking, it's going to be... there's going to be bloodshed. I mean, we can't keep having many people we've brought in and in a month's time someone dies down as they are going to change all their patterns. This is what their system with the outsiders has been all through the years, that they'll take their land and they won't have any land... We've done our best to keep the settlers out. These people are not ready for settlers. What's inevitable is that if someone comes here, they will have a repeat of the oil story, because in a few months' time you can't change people that have been raised so. Kill. Let's something else. It takes a long time."

Rachel Smith agrees it will be at least twenty to thirty years before all the Awas have been completely freed.

In the meantime, she and her assistants will continue to translate the Bible into Awa. While this school is in session they expect to teach most of the Awas to read & write.

We had been waiting for several hours still sitting at Rachel Smith's dining table while a slow rain fell outside, and Awas huddled around watching us and to bring news themselves.

"Do you feel the Awas now?" I asked Rachel Smith.

She chuckled. "To always remember that when they think I am when they notice it, they're often." "It is obvious that there is much left to be done in Twana, many problems yet to be faced before the Awas as a whole become a real force for the Lord, but Rachel Smith is getting on in years now, and life in Twana is rather tough, and I wondered about her personal plans for the future."  
"I haven't as much to show for my

years as I'd like to have," she said. "Somebody started talking to me about retiring. I said, 'Retire? I'm asking the Lord to increase my years like Cain. For I want to do just as he did.'"

Would the rest leave the Awas?  
"Probably. I've felt from long back that the Lord has called me to a tribe and tribes beyond. And I haven't felt that this is the end."

It was getting late, and Ray Gonzalez, the priest, was putting up lights to leave. The jungle glows did not by itself dark. We went outside, took some pictures, and stood among families. The Awas gathered around the place, and after we had finished taking pictures, they came in an eerie, monotonous chant. If you had unexpectedly happened into this scene in the jungle and didn't know anything about them, and they had gathered around, these stern-looking men, and started this chant, you would probably feel certain that they meant you no good. You might even suspect that they were sending you to disaster—as the myth centers.

Rachel Smith held my tape recorder near them as they chanted.

"In case you didn't recognize it," she said, "that was a hymn."

Back in Quito, after catching a bus out of Shell Mesa in what was once a German army transport plane, I met Deyana, the sophisticated Awa, and sat overlooking the swimming pool at the nearby Hotel Quito and asked Popo's and asked. He had been working as a translator for an oil company (the Spanish, English, Quechua, and Awa), a perfect combination for the oil companies, but he had recently quit his job to see his wife and children to the States, where he still stays for a year at a Bible college in Tennessee.

Deyana lived with his mother's people from age eight to ten without learning to speak Awa. He then was sent to school in Quito, where he stayed for seven years, returning to Twana only for holidays and summer vacations. He went back to live in Twana four years ago, when he was seventeen. It was only then that he learned to speak Awa, the last language that he learned. "Now I speak it better than Rachel," he said proudly.

Deyana had indications toward being a professional photographer someday, and he is thinking about writing a book in Spanish about the Awas and translating it with his own pictures. He had brought some of his photographs for me to see. They were shots he had made recently of some of the strange ridge people, and they were good. He'd been there in an oil-company helicopter, riding to them in Awa. Then the helicopter hit him down, and he crawled out with a few scars, including a laceration around his neck. These people had never been photographed before.

"What did you say to them?" I asked.  
"I told them I had come to visit and take some pictures. They were very happy... But the first day I went I was kinda scared."  
I was curious about how Deyana felt about himself and the Awas, and

# HALF CAR.



# HALF TRUNK.



We'll begin on the assumption that people don't buy little cars to do a lot of heavy hauling.

To save money, yes.

To save gas, of course.

To save space, obviously.

And, to annoy.

But what if somebody came along with a little car that does all those things and also throws in an enormous amount of load-space in the bargain?

You'd have a very popular little car. A Vega Hatchback, in other words.

Fold down the back seat and approximately half the car forms trunk, easy to get at through that handy high-rise hatch.

Why, a young dentist wrote to tell us that he drove coast to coast with all his worldly possessions stashed inside his Hatchback.

Vega? The little car that does everything well.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Always with driver's license. Radio optional on base.















# Got enough ball?

Extra yards, tighter control, greater accuracy. Every swing, every shot. This one, Maxfli, by Dunlop. Sold only by golf professionals.

1  
Maxfli



Be golf, the master of the game is  
DUNLOP  
Golfing, N.Y. Toronto, Ont.

with Oliver and Ghislain, but she takes few steps to get there. If only he were as cautious for himself as his children are for him."

In 1966 at the Royal Court, he played the lead in *Zigzag*, one of Chekhov's early plays, in which he starred opposite Rachel Roberts, who was to become his fourth wife. *Zigzag* was a critical success and they went on to star in a play called *Amour de la Pénitence*. In his critical analysis, the play was short-lived. Apparently a strong candidate for a longhouse in the Bowery. In 1967, Harrison backed out of the play because, he claimed, it obliged him to denounce democracy as "stagnant."

"I don't want to be an anything substitute," he announced, after the play had been on more than 100. The four he knew would replace the Queen? He left, in fact, to play *Cancer in Chicago*. The play closed. The longhouse was not functioning.

Harrison and Rachel Roberts were married in Geneva in March of 1962. Two Ray Benda and Charlie Thomas before her, she was a *Call-the-Charity* four-year-old. Which leaves daughter as a Baptist minister. His wives were of different ages, but they had in common—his "special morality." "Gosh, and I have a wonderful relationship," he was to say shortly thereafter, "with plenty of conflict, which I consider to be essential."

For *Claretta*, Harrison was guaranteed \$10,000 a week, plus expenses, a car and driver and maid. It was a part he seemed had given him more satisfaction than any he had ever played. He was by far the best thing in it. When Harrison died at the end of that one, so did the film.

The life with Rachel, in the meantime, was following prescribed patterns. Like Ray, she called him Ray, but only when she was angry. She had set the pattern of their marriage early on. Just after they were married, while standing on the set at *Claretta*, Rachel asked: "But Ray was going Elizabeth Taylor. Telling to him, she said in a low, firm voice, "Ray. Look at her face and I'll take your breath."

Publicly, however, the old affections of love and loyalty were being tested on both sides. Ray knew Rachel "Ray" could be counted on much, it's a different story soon. Everybody knew Ray. He's the world's greatest villain. "She went on to describe their marriage as a "volatile poem." And this added: "I can say without a second's pause that because of Ray, this is the happiest time in my life."

This in spite of the fact that his personal life simply stood over, without anyone. His are powerful film of the British and the French (and the French was the *Kingdom of Heaven*) but it was based on his success of the *Pitts*. His wife said, though he was to die five years in many of them, were not great his other children.

Two years passed and the marriage Rachel had once described as a "volatile poem" was now usually volatile. And it was complained, she was somewhat justified. A well-known actress when she

married him—winner of the British Film Academy Award for her role in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Sporting Life* and their son—Ray, for the latter—who had married early since in compliance with Ray's wishes that his wife should not work except with him. Her daughter, who worked farms, one of which was an attempt to prove Ray's image of himself as the conservative English gentleman.

The new founder even met Harrison once. "With a woman, I think, on the whole, it is better to be rough than smooth," he had told me. But his "roughness" was the acceptance of a friend and it was the which Ray had into his control room and consciousness. He and Rachel originated a new movement by taking a Mediterranean cruise with, among others, Robert Harris and his wife Elizabeth. But it was his last. Harrison again in December of 1968, they were divorced in early 1971, but far more than a year before that Ray had been in the company of Elizabeth Harris—another blonde, blonde, blonde. Sixty-four-year-old. When the divorce started, Harrison told his friend David Fellows, "Well, I've got my balls back." And Fellows, to mark the occasion, gave him two rubber balls as a gift.

Two months after his divorce, he and Elizabeth were married. His fifth wife was the daughter of Lord and Lady Oxborough. While announcing, he announced for all that she was to have an immediate effect on his life. Having lived almost for twenty years, he took up residence in England again. They bought a large house in Belmore, where Harrison presumably has taken up the Florida of golfing again—level up a life of reason and reason, beyond the tales of sham and policy money. An English life—the life of a gentleman who knows what is right and what will not.

But he had fallen into some severe depression. In a second world life was the end of the end, but what was he to do? He didn't have to work, of course. But there it was he was an artist, an artist, not some commercial artist, type of retirement at sixty-five. For the past two years, he had tried to express his high-quality days, representing Canadian and Pope and Tennen and Alan Pope. And what had come of it? What was he to do? While his satisfaction?

I remember Joe Thompson, who had divorced Harrison in four years, told me *Claretta*, saying: "In terms of high quality, there is no one I would rather write for, he has no peer. But, it's not a world of high memory now, he's not. He's not. The emotional problems of the well-spoken and the well-meaning are just not relevant today. It's a world, but all of the practice, but of the grandeur. They could rather explode their problems than solve them."

The world has turned Harrison through the course of a man who knows it will turn again. (One forgets how long he has been at work in the world. In 1975, he will celebrate his eighth anniversary in the industry.) But the outcome of the day. "I believe in living for the day," he says. "I do try

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THE TRAVELERS







## She Needs Your Love

Little Wu-Wen in Formosa  
already knows many things . . .  
the gnawing of hunger . . . the  
chewing of fear . . . the misery of  
being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mei-Wan has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Miu-Miu, and children just as needy, the privilege you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding homelessness . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. *response is translated at our office.*

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy hat—you can send your check to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

"Will you help?" Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent: Children wrapping rags on their few school books wear out of date, milt-



peered in the outer room. They looked at her and she at them. She said, "Oh," and went out again. Miss Lapham stood up. "I didn't realize it was so late."

"I don't understand you," said Crumner. "Look at the picture. Look at it again. Study the kind of people that are my friends, that I grew up with. Then ask yourself, 'How could I ask that question?'"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Craymer. I realize it was a mistake."

"The greatest mistake of your life. My dear young woman—if you don't know people better than that, then you can't expect to get anywhere in writing. You have to know people to write about them. The great masters all knew human nature, and you've just been shown

"I'll go now, Mr. Computer," she said gently. "The elevator girl'll still be in your building."

"Oh, the hell with her," he said. "I want you before you go to give me your word of honor—you don't believe I sent that picture to the paper?"

"I give you my word of honor I don't believe you sent it."

"Thank you," he said. "If I thought anybody believed that of me—I wouldn't know what to do. All I've ever stood for, all I've ever tried to be, I'm fifty-five years old, and all my life I've believed there were some things you did do and some things you didn't."

"Mr. Cragner, why don't you take me to dinner?"

"Quite sure," she said.

He took a deep breath. "Well, of course I will. But you've been very naughty. Very naughty. But I'll take you to dinner." ☺

## THE TEMPTATION OF ST. IVO

(Continued from page 11) stained glass windows, the gorgonyle's head surmounts, high above me, or the nobility of groups of monks in silent fellowship, their white cassocks sharp against the dark of groves and shaded wood hill slopes, like delicate white flowers in cedar shade. I have remembered the old, symbolic walls, the ascent of shaft or acolytized shaft toward trees

blazing in the sun's last light. I have had like a tortured ghost from one green courtyard to another, have stood on the bridge looking out on the mirror-smooth lake where two old monks of Sheng and a heavy old aunt, a lay brother, black-robed, sits sleeping at the oars. Some-

ness, silent as grass, toward the darkening shore. I have knelt in prayer at the place where the river divides in three, at the shadow of oaks and walnut trees, but no prayer came, my eyes were too full of black arches and pilings.

My open eye, sick with envy to the third-floor rooms of serfdom and diamonds, the room where, not long since, I was master. Pride, envy, wealth . . . My soul is blasted, weighed down, with sin. It fills me with pain. He has only begun on me!

I pray for understanding. If I could  
know what drives him, I could understand



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The focus, therefore,

"The question is, can you trust the numbers I've given you?"

He smiles, then turns, his robe silent, and he goes into the darkness. @

## PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4) the arts scene as a whole and the fact that the year has been one of only partial recovery from acute recession. Certainly the tide of disaster could not have been stemmed and turned, either on the New York State level or on the federal level, without the strong citizens' campaigns for "Full Funding" spearheaded by the Partnership for the Arts, under the inspired leadership of Angus Aron.

[illegible]

LAST YEAR FROM HEART OF THIS POINT'S favorable argument for the long-run success of the business and the spirit of the times. The book is a collection of essays by Alvin M. Rosenzweig, Editor of *Commerce*. One of the most dedicated workers in this whole movement, the publisher of the *Commerce* magazine, is the author of this definitive statement of the decade-long search for a truly reciprocal working relationship between business and the state, and he has kept the movement alive and growing. The book is a must-read. This is the one book beyond which no money others have ignored. Reading it will never so assume the state of affairs the most skeptical or cynical, and it is a book that will be read by all who are interested in the results of this important book was placed in these pages no less than a chapter of 66 with the witty graphic design. In its title, *The Economic Crisis*.

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## Loyalist of the month

Gene Robison recently introduced his girl friend to Bullantini's Search. She, in turn, introduced five of her friends to Bullantini's. Now Gene Robison has six girl friends.

**Moral:** It pays to be loyal.



## Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

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**JOCK ITCH  
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Joakim Leth is a linguistic anthropologist.  
He can be reached at joakim.let@kcl.ac.uk.

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was there in his chambers with McClain. He asked the officer if any of McClain's witnesses were dispositive enough to merit reasonable precautions.

"There are at least three, your Honor, that I wouldn't recommend appearing without restraining gear."

"Who are the three?" the judge asked the officer.

"Mayer, Wells, and Christmas."

"Apparently something struck the judge when one of these men."

"Why, Judge?" he asked the San Quentin man.

"Because he has been involved in numerous fights, mostly involving racial and sectarian-type judgments. Before he has a disciplinary record that is fairly long."

With this in mind Judge Haley decided to take the matter under consideration for another day. It was Wed. night, and McClain was probably not going to begin presenting his witnesses until Friday, August 2.

Thursday morning, McClain and the San Quentin guard were back in the judge's chambers.

"The judge told McClain that he wasn't going to allow him to have all twelve witnesses brought over from San Quentin. He would have to be enough. And as far as the way he was going to take them are by one and see whether they needed to be chained."

"All right now," he said to the San Quentin man. "Let's go in Mayer."

The San Quentin man advised the

judge that Mayer was a bad risk.

"On July 20 he was fighting with three inmates. On July 22 a threatening letter to the Governor was intercepted. Questioning the life of the Governor."

The San Quentin man advised Judge Haley that Mayer ought to be chained.

McClain pointed. "Even so, prison they don't have chains, and they've got all these guards in the corridors here, nothing can happen."

"That's what Joe thinks," the judge told McClain, "and that's what we hope, but things have happened in courtrooms."

Finally it was agreed that Mayer was to be chained to the witness stand with a body chain around his waist.

Later that afternoon Francisco Gary Thomas completed his case against James McClain in the standing of Officer Donald Lewis.

The jury was excused, and the judge and James McClain had one last argument about courtroom security.

The judge told McClain he didn't think he'd need all six of his court witnesses brought over from San Quentin for testimony involving the murder.

"Wouldn't four be enough for the message?"

McClain wanted all six.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Well, your Honor, there's a possibility that something might develop," he told the judge.

"It might. That happens on my trial," said the judge philosophically.

"Well, why not bring them all back? I might not need my other witnesses," McClain argued.

"I'm not going to do that," Judge Haley insisted.

"Well, I'd like to have them on hand, your Honor," McClain replied.

"They are not going to be on hand," Judge Haley told McClain with great finality. Then he asked, "On hand for what?"

## An Incident at the Marin County Civic Center

Two-thirty Friday morning, August 2. At last Donald Lewis spoke on the witness stand. He is James McClain's star witness, but he has a lot of things he wants to say himself. There has been dread. There has been tampering with property.

James McClain is beginning to question Mayer about an argument Mayer testified he had with Officer Donald Lewis in the San Quentin kitchen, back on March 22. The day McClain was accused of smothering Officer Lewis.

Suddenly Mayer tells the judge he has a problem. He can't continue testifying "unless the Court would order the evidence before him kept out of the hands of prison officials."

Judge Haley is puzzled by this. He

orders the jury sent out, and asks McClain just what his witness is going to testify to.

"Oh, that I am and Officer Lewis had a fight that particular morning and that some blows passed and that—that's just about it."

Prosecutor Gary Thomas and Judge Haley warn Mayer that if he testifies that he committed the assault McClain is charged with, he might get McClain off, but he, Mayer, could get himself charged with "assault on a free man" under Section 4500 of the Penal Code.

Mayer says he understands that, but he has a purpose for them. "Well, what about it if it was any way of some forced leading into the case which would show—"

Prosecutor Gary Thomas breaks in to warn him again about Section 4500, which carries a mandatory death penalty.

"After I testify, sir, I don't think you have a forty-five anything," Mayer tells him. "After I testify and let me present the facts I have to present."

Judge Haley gives short of Mayer wants to go ahead and interview him with that's his business. He orders the jury brought back.

Again McClain asks Mayer about his conversation with Officer Lewis.

Again Mayer says there is a certain matter of property.

"The conversation, sir, it is property of some which is evidence for the matter."

Mayer repeats to the judge that he can't testify about the conversation because prison officials have taken some of his property.

McClain and Haley try several things to find a way to allow Mayer to testify that McClain was innocent of the assault, without necessitating Mayer to testify, but ask them they try Judge Haley asks them all.

What was Russell? Mayer up to suggest that morning in Judge Haley's courtroom?

The most likely explanation is that McClain and Mayer were going to take out someone in prison (not even tried to mention to the other's name, is "forced" to give self-incrimination, but attempts to point out that it is the jury's need to be told that to explain the case on trial. In this case McClain and Mayer had their own case and had to keep their heads out of the courtroom.

In order for helping out his friend McClain, when he had known for his case, Mayer only wanted to take the walk of the prison to expose the threat and death of property being perpetrated upon him. (After the trial, McClain stated he only asked the kidnapping attempt to force the authorities to take him to a police station where he could investigate the world of the details of the crime and violence of property he had suffered.)

On the other hand, it is barely possible

that Mayer did commit the assault on Officer Lewis that McClain was charged with, and that Mayer was willing to confirm to it, if in doing so he could expose the "Swampy Deal" on the theory that the abolition party to follow upon such a revelation might strike even to a crime committed by a police that abolition.

In any case McClain and Mayer kept one last run at their tangled story that James the "Swampy Deal" on the jury's bench and having no less than four guards had taken up a position in the rear of the newly empty courtroom.

"Isn't it true," McClain asks Mayer, "that I've been told some property that belonged to you?"

"Yes, sir," answers witness Mayer.

"Isn't it also true that—"

"I am going to object to the form of the question, your Honor," says Prosecutor Gary Thomas, "and he has to be out for the next time he is in his trial."

Judge Russell Haley then continued the last objection that he would ever sustain.

McClain begins slowly again, asking Mayer, "Why are you familiar with the material area in San Quentin?"

"I used to work in it," Mayer answers.

"Who did you use to work for?"

"Mr. Brown, Mr. Billie, and Mr. Thomas."

McClain asks Mayer to repeat that last name. (San Quentin on page 187)

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WHETHER THOU GOEST

(Continued from page 341) as Meyer is repeating the name, there is a silver ring and a lead vial from the back of the seat.

The court recorder continues tapping away at his stone machine, recording the following without looking up.

Walter Toney  
 He McClain Toney?

And that is where the transcript ends.

## The Holding Cell

On the morning of July 4, 1971, six weeks before he died, George Jackson was removed from his cell in San Quentin's "Adjustment Center," shirtless, shackled, handcuffed and chained. He was passed through four sets of locks, led to an unmarked car full of riot-resistant guards and driven five miles to the Marin County jail, where, for the first time, he was to meet and touch another man.

Amelia had been locked up in the Marion County jail ever since January of 1971, when a special Air National Guard jet had flown her back from New York City, where she had been captured in October after she had spent two months traveling around the country as a fugitive.

George was led into the main hall of the Marin County jail where Angelo was waiting. Attorneys were present. A court order had granted the meeting for a discussion of legal strategies. Angelo and George asked to be able to meet alone for a hour.

They were taken to a nearby holding cell and left alone together.

In fact an action was the Assistant Attorney General of the same made the tell that he led off the murder-kidnap-conspiracy trial of Angela Davis by focusing his entire opening argument upon that moment.

According to the Assistant Attorney General, whatever went on between Angela and George in that moment whenever "physical involvement" took place in that cell, is uncontestable evidence of her free unaided passion for George Jackson which, one year before, drove Angela to engineer a courtroom raid to free him.

It has yet to be revealed whether the Assistant Attorney General himself was actually there proving to Angela and George through a prophetic, or possibly an out to the mother and of a begging device machine on the scene.

But it is safe to assume that both Angela and George believed that, when they stepped into the holding cell, their every move would be observed with leering detachment by keepers whose job of life is "brooding in." ■

This article begins on page 32

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Don't believe that the eyes contain a window into a person's soul. Conspicuously, it is actually the skin around and between them that gives away their true age. New eye creams like Clinique's new eye cream are designed to help you fight the signs of aging. Clinique's new eye cream is designed to help you fight the signs of aging. Clinique's new eye cream is designed to help you fight the signs of aging. Clinique's new eye cream is designed to help you fight the signs of aging.

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Since 1946, Baxter of California has been a leader in the field of skin care. Our products are designed to help you fight the signs of aging. Clinique's new eye cream is designed to help you fight the signs of aging. Clinique's new eye cream is designed to help you fight the signs of aging.

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# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 50% PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

## XERNONA CLAYTON

**HOME:** Atlanta, Georgia

**AGE:** 39

**PROFESSION:** Hostess of her own television show (WAGA-TV, ATLANTA).

**HOBBIES:** Browsing in gift shops and art galleries.

**LAST BOOK READ:** "Passions of the Mind."

**LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT:** Became the first Black to have a television show in the South.

**QUOTE:** "I get criticism from both militants and conservatives, but that's because I don't cater to one or the other. It's my responsibility on the show to talk to people and find out about their ideas."

If someone in the audience is upset by a guest's point of view, I guess I'd rather risk his anger than shelter him from something unpleasant. I believe everyone must be heard."

**PROFILE:** A strong, candid individual. A persistent charm and personable manner that enables her to uncover and engage the best that others have to offer.

**SCOTCH:** Dewar's "White Label"



**Authentic.** There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

**Dewar's never varies.**